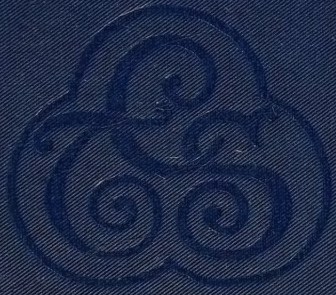

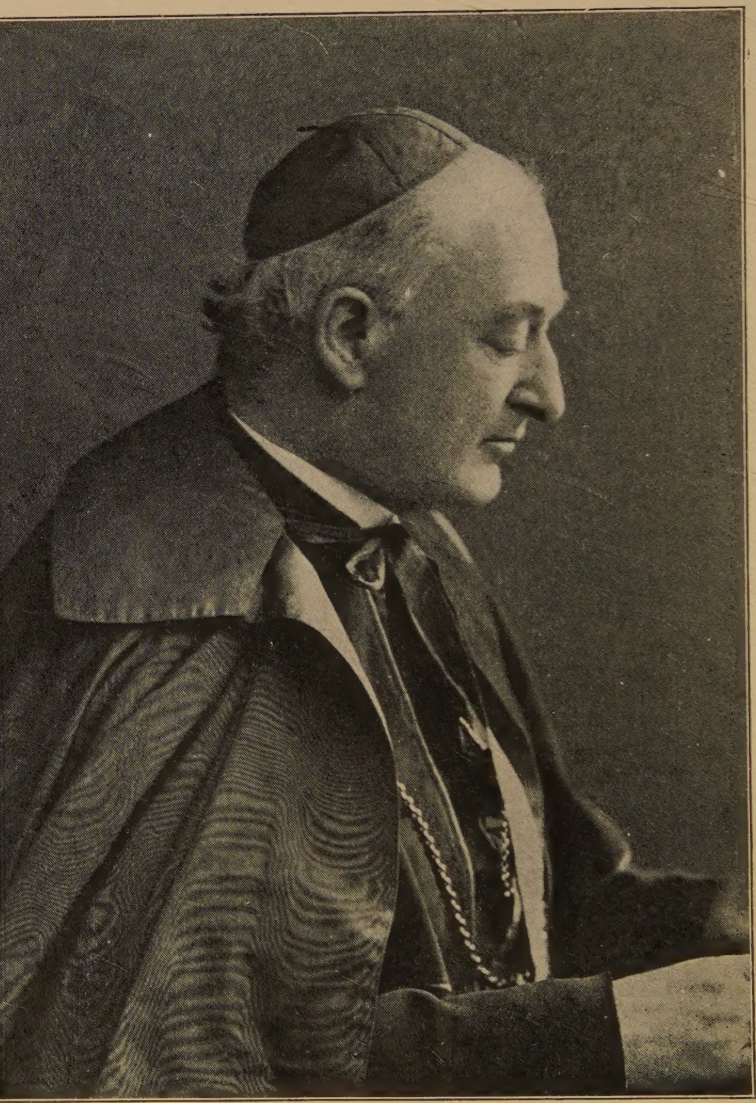

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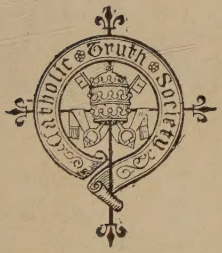

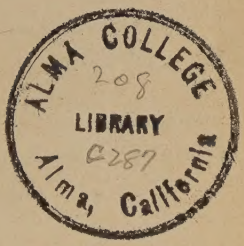

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CARDINAL VAUGHAN

(1832–1903)

By THE RIGHT REV. MGR. WARD

THE death of Cardinal Vaughan removes one of the last links which bind this generation with the days of the re-establishment of the Hierarchy. It is as the end of a dynasty, for the three Cardinal-Archbishops, however they may have differed in personality, represent one school of thought and influence. The transition from Cardinal Wiseman to Cardinal Manning, and from him to Cardinal Vaughan, in neither case denoted any real break in continuity of policy. The influence of each had been so strong in the lifetime of his predecessor that he may almost be said to have had a share in the latter's administration. When Cardinal Vaughan died, no one stood out in this manner ; and we may consider his death as the closing of an epoch in the history of Catholicism in England.

From the first, Cardinal Vaughan cast in his lot with the reforming and developing movement in which his two predecessors laboured to reanimate English Catholicism by influences of Roman devotion and practices. Yet he had himself been brought

up in the traditions of a typical "old Catholic" family, with its strict, unostentatious, and regular, if somewhat monotonous life, and also amidst the restricted surroundings which the history of the Catholic body in England had rendered inevitable in a generation previous to our own. The family seat is at Courtfield, near Ross, in Herefordshire. His father, Colonel Vaughan, was the elder brother of the Bishop of Plymouth, who died in 1902, in his eighty-eighth year. The great ambition of his life was to give his offspring to the Church, and the way in which his wish was realized can be seen by a bare enumeration of his children. There were in all (not counting those who died in infancy), thirteen, seven of whom were sons and six daughters. Of the sons, the eldest was the future Cardinal. The next, Roger Bede, became a Benedictine, and was afterwards Archbishop of Sydney. The next one, Joseph Jerome, was also a Benedictine, and the founder of the monastery at Fort Augustus in Scotland. Three others also became priests, Father Bernard Vaughan, of the Society of Jesus, Father Kenelm Vaughan, founder of the Order of Expiation, and Mgr. John Vaughan, a secular. Two only remained in the world, the present Colonel Frank Vaughan being one, and Mr. Reginald Vaughan the other. All the daughters became professed nuns, except Margaret, who had to leave her convent through ill-health. Colonel Vaughan had also two children by his second wife, but neither of them survived.

The future Cardinal was born at Gloucester on April 15, 1832. He received the first part of his education at Stonyhurst ; but after a short time was transferred to a school in Belgium, at Brugelette,

where he spent several years. The discipline there was formed on the usual continental model, and included a complete system of *espionage*. Once at least, however, he was trusted with his liberty, when, on the anniversary of the Battle of Waterloo, he and another English boy boldly requested and obtained permission to have the day "off," to visit the famous battlefield. On this occasion they were suffered to spend the whole day unsupervised.

Being the eldest son, Herbert Vaughan might, had he so wished, have had a prosperous worldly career before him, and the first idea was that he should enter the army. Before he had left school, however, he had already formed other plans in his own mind, and having determined to devote himself to the service of God in the priesthood, he gave up his position to his third brother, the present Colonel Vaughan, and went to Downside to study Philosophy. Having spent two years in this way, he proceeded to Rome, and entered the *Accademia dei Nobili Ecclesiastici*, where he went through his Theology. It was at this time that he first fell under the influence of Henry Edward Manning, then a recent convert, also studying at the Accademia. Before he had completed his course, Herbert Vaughan's health showed signs of giving way, and in the summer of 1854 he left Rome, and spent some months with his cousins, the Weld-Blundells, who were then living in a villa near Florence. Hence it came about that his ordination to the priesthood took place in the Cathedral at Lucca, and his first mass was celebrated in the church of the Annunziata at Florence. He was only twenty-two years of age at the time, and it needed a special personal dispensation to enable him to

be ordained. This was obtained at the instance of Mgr. Talbot, from Pius IX., on the plea of bad health, because it was doubtful whether otherwise he would live to be ordained. But in this case, as so often in late years, he belied all the gloomy predictions of the pessimist doctors, and became well and strong. Returning to Rome in the late autumn, he was one of those who were privileged to be present in St. Peter's when the dogma of the Immaculate Conception was solemnly defined by Pius IX. on December 8th of that year.

The first work to which Father Vaughan's energies were applied was at St. Edmund's College : and the importance of the work there was then well understood. It was the seminary of the two dioceses which then comprised the whole of the south of England, besides being the Alma Mater of many influential laymen. Moreover, it had great and venerable traditions, as the descendant of the old English College at Douay, the home of the martyrs and confessors of the faith during the days of the penal laws, and as continuing the same work in our own day, so far as the south of England was concerned. Cardinal Wiseman wished to see this work developed and expanded, for which purpose he was anxious to secure the assistance of those who would be likely to put their whole energy into it. He had already appointed Dr. William George Ward, a layman and a convert, Professor of Dogmatic Theology—a step which gave rise to much comment at the time—and now he thought that the young Father Vaughan, of whom he had great hopes, might also enter into the work there. Though only twenty-three years old, Wiseman appointed him Vice-President, Dr. Crookall retiring in his favour. The President at

that time was Dr. Weathers, afterwards Bishop of Amycla.

Father Vaughan threw himself into his new work with characteristic vigour. On his way back from Rome, he visited numerous seminaries and colleges in Italy, Germany and France, in order to study the system in force in them. And here at once his English character asserted itself in the questions he used to ask. "What do you do to train the boys to use their liberty?" would be his first interrogation —one which often caused utter astonishment in those whom he was addressing. He used to relate that only in two places did he receive answers which showed any perception of what he was aiming at. One of these was the Dominican house at Auteuil near Paris, which came prominently into notice a few years ago in connection with Père Didon.

When Father Vaughan arrived at Old Hall, his mind was already full of schemes for reform and development. These were not always, however, quite in the direction anticipated, and one of his first plans was for the removal of Dr. Ward from what he could not but consider an anomalous position. An interview took place at which both spoke with characteristic candour. Father Vaughan said, that while he considered that Dr. Ward's work as Professor of Theology had been a most excellent one, and better than anything that had preceded it, he now thought that the time had come for having it done better still, and that for this purpose he wished to secure the services of a professor from Rome itself. In reply Dr. Ward only urged him to attend some of his lectures before coming to a decision, promising in that case to

abide by it. Father Vaughan agreed, and his mind was entirely changed by the very first lecture he heard ; so much so that he begged leave to attend as regularly as his duties would permit, and later on, when Dr. Ward's pupils presented him with an address on his retirement, Dr. Vaughan signed his name among them. He has since given it as his opinion that the result of Dr. Ward's work was "the creation of an enthusiastic appreciation of theology," so that "more hard study was done under his inspiration and guidance than perhaps had ever been done before. The combination of moral and dogmatic teaching which he introduced," added the Cardinal, "and his own intense devotedness to the truths he taught, raised men's minds above themselves, and introduced them into the regions of almost a new estimate of life, and the possibilities which were opening before them."

Father Vaughan was Vice-President of St. Edmund's nominally for six years, but practically for little more than half of that time. He had been one of those who had joined the Congregation of Oblates of St. Charles founded by Mgr. (afterwards Cardinal) Manning. Several Oblates were at St. Edmund's, and it was boldly proposed by Cardinal Wiseman that they should have permanent charge of the College. This formed one of the bones of contention with his Chapter. An appeal was sent to Rome, and for a long time remained undecided. Whilst the appeal was pending, Father Vaughan spent most of his time away from the College. Eventually the decision was against the Oblates, and he left with the rest.

That he had already accomplished a considerable work at the College, no one will deny. Both

materially and spiritually he had carried out several reforms and improvements. But his term of office cannot be considered wholly a success. His position under a President who, it was known, had not asked for his appointment, was a delicate one, and one which, with all forbearance on both sides, could not lead to wholly satisfactory results. Then we must add that Father Vaughan's restless energy could not find sufficient scope within the walls of the College, and he frequently undertook work outside which interfered with the continuous residence so essential for college life. He built a new church at Hertford, and took the duty there every Sunday ; and this was only one of the many causes of frequent absences which could not but interfere with the duties he had taken in hand at the College.

On leaving St. Edmund's he retired to the church of St. Mary of the Angels, Bayswater, where Mgr. Manning was then superior. He did not long remain inactive. A large work had been gradually opening itself before his mind, and one destined to stand out to the end the chief work of his life. This was to establish a college for the training of missionary priests who should devote themselves to the evangelization of the heathen races. Such colleges existed in almost every country on the Continent. Hitherto the pressing nature of our wants had hindered the very idea amongst us ; but it was known that it was already very much in Cardinal Wiseman's mind, and that he longed to see the work started, believing that the blessings it would bring upon the country would far outweigh any material loss which the missions might suffer through the money being diverted to this object. Father Vaughan was not long in determining to

devote his life to the work, and in order to collect funds he started on an expedition to the New World, embarking at Southampton on December 17, 1863.

In his travels through America he met with alternate encouragement and opposition. At Panama a religious war was on foot, and all the priests had been banished; and to add to the trouble, there was an epidemic of smallpox raging. Father Vaughan boldly went into the hospitals and private homes, and administered the last rites of the Church to many who would otherwise have died without them. When this reached the ears of the authorities, they had him arrested and brought before the courts. In the end he was allowed to take his departure on deposit of a nominal bail, as a guarantee for his return if called for to receive sentence. It was understood that the sentence of the court would be officially made known through the British Consul, and, in the event, no more was heard of it.

Father Vaughan next went to San Francisco, the steamboat company granting him a free passage; but on his arrival he found the Bishop against him, and although provided with letters from Rome, he was refused leave to beg in the city. Under certain restrictions, he was allowed to do so in the outlying districts, and a little later he was given leave to preach a limited number of sermons in the town. On the whole he collected enough money in California to establish six burses.

He next went to Lima and to the interior of Peru. Here a proclamation against his work was issued by the Government; but many—including the President of the Republic himself—subscribed privately. He went from thence to Valparaiso

and Santiago, where he was well received; and then after a voyage of thirty-two days, in which he rounded Cape Horn, he reached Brazil. He made only a short stay at Rio, and then returned home, having collected over £10,000 for his work.

During his residence in Chili news reached him of the death of Cardinal Wiseman, and on his return to England he found his own superior, Mgr. Manning, established as Archbishop. This was a most important factor in the work he had in hand, for the new Archbishop was no less eager for it than his predecessor. Very soon, therefore, it took definite shape. A house and property were bought at Mill Hill, near Hendon, "The Mill," as he would call it, where a formal beginning was made on the Feast of St. Joseph, March 19, 1866. The early days of the community were spent in poverty and difficulty. Father Vaughan shared personally in all the rigours of the rule designed to prepare his students for their after-career; but often he had to leave, to go to London or elsewhere, to beg for further assistance to meet pressing needs. An elaborate system of collections by means of "zelators" was established throughout the country, which forms an important source of income to the present day.

The new work had the blessing of Providence. The community rapidly developed and the accommodation became insufficient. A public meeting was held in St. James's Hall, in April, 1868, presided over by Dr. Manning, with eight other bishops, in order to make the work known. Collections were made throughout the country, especially in the manufacturing towns, and also on the Continent; and as a result, the present spacious building was put up. It was opened in 1871, and dedicated to

the Sacred Heart and St. Joseph. Since that date three preparatory Colleges have been established—one at Freshfield, near Liverpool, one at Roosendaal in Holland, and the third at Brixen, in the Tyrol. These serve to secure suitable subjects, and act as feeders to Mill Hill, where the final studies are used by all. The students there number about seventy.

The first mission undertaken by the new Society was to the coloured population of the United States. It was indeed hardly a "foreign mission" at all, for it took the missioners into cities almost as civilized as London, and the work was one which the Americans themselves might have been expected to take up. This has since been satisfactorily arranged, and it no longer belongs to the Mill Hill Fathers. The missions served by St. Joseph's Society at the present day are Labuan and North Borneo, the Maori mission in New Zealand, Punjab in North India, including Kashmir and Kafiristan, and Uganda and the country of the Upper Nile; these missions occupy the energies of about sixty priests, two of whom are bishops.

We have called the work of the foreign missions the chief one of Cardinal Vaughan's life, and we believe that such will be the judgement of posterity. When he set it on foot it was a totally new idea to English Catholics, who, with the traditions of their own persecution still fresh in their minds, had hardly even thought of the needs of those in far-off countries. It was not unnatural that the schemes should meet with opposition from them. They argued the unwisdom of spending such energy abroad when needs were so pressing at home; and the want of means and apparent impracticability of

the whole idea stood out in forcible light. Father Vaughan from the first approached it in the spirit of faith, confident in our Lord's promise "Give and it shall be given to you," and by patient and persevering work carried it through. He organized it indeed so thoroughly that by this time all the past opposition has been long forgotten, and the work is looked upon as an integral part of that of the Catholic Church in this country.

The new College at Mill Hill had not been open many months before its founder was called away to a wider sphere of labour. Dr. Turner, Bishop of Salford, died in 1872, and he was chosen to succeed him. He accepted the post, but begged that he might be allowed to continue his connection with the Foreign Missionary Society, of which therefore he continued to be President. He was consecrated Bishop in St. John's Cathedral, Salford, by Archbishop Manning, on October 28, 1872. By a curious coincidence, his former President, Dr. Weathers, was consecrated at the same time, having been appointed Bishop auxiliary to the diocese of Westminster.

There was ample scope for Father Vaughan's energy in his new position, and very soon he had many schemes launched for the good of the diocese. One of the most notable of these was the sudden purchase of a large building in the Alexandra Park, Manchester, which had been designed as an Aquarium, but had not proved a success. Dr. Vaughan converted it into a commercial and classical school for day-boys and boarders, which he thought was much needed in Manchester, and thus formed the beginning of the present St. Bede's College. This led indirectly to important results;

for the Jesuits were proposing to supply this need, and at first they were unwilling to withdraw. Hence the whole question of the relations between the bishops and regulars was opened up. The immediate point in dispute was whether the consent of the Ordinary was required before a religious order could open a school. But the whole status of the Regulars had never been properly defined in England, for when the Hierarchy was re-established there were so few of them that the question did not come forward. Now, therefore, the whole matter was referred to the Holy See for decision. Dr. Vaughan himself proceeded to Rome, as also did Father Gallwey, then Provincial of the Jesuits. Both of them remained till the whole matter was settled, and the well-known bull *Romanos Pontifices* was issued. On the particular point in dispute the decision was in favour of the Bishop ; but a much more far-reaching result was arrived at than the settling of any particular difference. From the time that the bull was issued, the regular orders have had a canonically defined position in this country, which renders their work in co-operation with the Bishops harmonious and free from difficulties such as had formerly arisen. Although, therefore, the work of the diocese was driven into considerable arrears by Dr. Vaughan's prolonged absence, the result achieved for the general good of the Church more than justified the temporary inconvenience suffered.

Besides the foundation of St. Bede's, several other educational works were set on foot by Dr. Vaughan. One of his first acts was to rebuild the Bishop's house on an enlarged scale, in order to make it serve also as a "Pastoral Seminary," as he called it, for the practical training of the junior clergy in their mis-

sionary duties. The house still remains; but the Pastoral Seminary never flourished, and has long since been a thing of the past. Another educational work was the founding of a house of studies on the Rhine, the object of which was to enable the sons of Manchester merchants to acquire a knowledge of German whilst pursuing their studies amidst the comforts and surroundings of an English home. "St. Bede's on the Rhine," as it was called, survived a good many years, till after Dr. Vaughan's connection with Salford had come to an end. Whether, however, it produced an adequate return for the amount of labour and money expended on it, may be questioned.

Turning now to the strictly diocesan work, we find again evidences of extraordinary activity. Missions and priests increased rapidly in number, new missions and schools were opened, and the diocese rapidly developed. Dr. Vaughan's many works indeed often taxed his resources to the utmost; but he had an unusual power of getting money together for pious objects, and his many friends never failed him. His power of raising money was all the more remarkable, as he consistently refused to have recourse to the ordinary methods of holding bazaars or concerts or the like. That some of his works were in the end left in debt is only what might be expected. So much forward movement could not be accomplished otherwise, and it was right that those who profited by his zeal should bear some part at least of the cost. To succeed such a Bishop could not be an enviable task; but we cannot say without more exact knowledge that the amount of debt left was unreasonable; and in fact a large proportion of his works have continued and have

grown till the present day. Such has been the case with the 'Salford Protection and Rescue Society,' which though only set on foot during the last few years of his residence at Manchester, stands out nevertheless as one of his greatest works there. In this he was assisted by Mr. Austin Oates, who acted as secretary. It was worked very thoroughly, and hundreds of homeless children were cared for, and emigrated across the sea to Canada, or elsewhere, where they were given a fair start in life.

A few words must be added about Dr. Vaughan's activity beyond the limits of his own diocese. He was a born traveller, and went everywhere. He paid frequent visits to Rome, sometimes on diocesan affairs, sometimes on business connected with the foreign missions. More than once he crossed the Atlantic and visited his missionary fathers in the United States. He was in London for all the bishops' meetings, and took a chief part in the discussions; and his views, agreeing in most cases with those of Cardinal Manning, often formed the determining factor in guiding the decisions of the bishops. His leading idea was loyalty to the person of the Holy Father, and respect for Roman ideals. His tendency was to what is sometimes, though not very appropriately, called Ultramontanism, as he felt it safer to err on the side of over-loyalty than the reverse. He took the stricter side on questions connected with the Temporal Power, and his loyalty to Catholic ideals led him to feel strongly the evils of mixed marriages, and the dangers which followed from Catholics living in a non-Catholic atmosphere. He was at this time, therefore, strongly opposed to any permission for Catholics to frequent the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge.

His influence impressed itself on Catholic England. We owe to his initiative the issue of the *Manual of Prayers*, which he would jokingly call the Catholic Common Prayer Book, its object being to obtain uniformity in the popular devotions in the vernacular throughout the country. In his own Cathedral he started a Sunday evening service consisting of psalms sung in English, the whole being not very unlike English Vespers, and he published the words and music; but although it was tried at the Portsmouth Cathedral and elsewhere, it never became popular. At Salford it goes on to the present day; but elsewhere it did not long survive.

His literary activity, however, bore considerable fruit. He wrote a series of penny *Manuals for the People*, of which that on St. Joseph is perhaps the best known. He acquired the *Tablet* newspaper, intending by its means to spread sound Catholic principles, whilst at the same time it served as a not inconsiderable source of income for the foreign missions; and when the *Dublin Review* was given up by Dr. Ward, he likewise undertook the management of that, though we believe that it has never proved a financial success. Last, but not least, must be mentioned the establishment of the Catholic Truth Society, for the spread of cheap Catholic literature, of which he was President until his death. He had indeed started a Society with the same name and objects some years earlier; but it did not succeed at the time, and it was only when Mr. Britten came on the scene to act as Secretary and to work it up, together with the Rev. W. H. Cologan, that it was placed on a permanent footing. Since those early days it has developed in a wonderful manner, and is now so well known that no description of it is necessary here. The first

of the annual Catholic Conferences under its auspices was held in 1888, when Dr. Vaughan presided. Since then not a year has passed without one, and Dr. Vaughan was rarely absent from them.

The second Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster died on January 14, 1892. By an apparent coincidence, Bishop Vaughan was in the house at the time. He had come to London on business, and finding Cardinal Manning in a critical state, stayed with him till the end. He was by his bedside all the night before he died, and only left it to say Mass. During his Mass Cardinal Manning's death took place.

It had been regarded for many years past as a foregone conclusion that Dr. Vaughan would be Manning's successor, and when the appointment came in April it was no surprise. A few months later he was created Cardinal with the same title as his predecessor, of SS. Andrew and Gregory on the Cœlian Hill.

The enthusiasm with which the new Archbishop was received by both Catholics and non-Catholics was not a little remarkable. In the case of the latter, it was no doubt in great measure due to the position which his predecessor had made for himself during the last few years of his life. Dr. Vaughan's fine presence and bearing created a strong impression wherever he went. He was more than once the guest of the Prince of Wales, he spoke at the Academy dinner, and was invited everywhere. The year after he became Archbishop there was for the first time a devout Catholic as Lord Mayor, and Sir Stuart Knill entertained the Catholic Hierarchy at a banquet at the Mansion House. The Cardinal himself held that year, and every subsequent year, a series of receptions in his own house which were largely

attended. Here also his personal presence made itself felt, and even those who were prejudiced against the Cardinal became softened when brought into personal contact with him.

The events of his archiepiscopate are of comparatively recent occurrence, and do not need a long description. A brief reference to some of the principal ones will suffice. Immediately after his appointment he called together committees and councils for the administration of the various departments of the diocese, for the choosing of Church students, for finance, for ceremonies, and for other purposes. Some of these have done good work and still continue to do so; others had but a brief existence. Several great functions were organized. The new Archbishop received the Pallium at the Oratory from the hands of Archbishop Stonor in August, 1892, and the following June took place the solemn dedication of England to Our Lady and St. Peter. The whole Hierarchy assisted on both occasions. On the former, Dom Gasquet, O.S.B. (now Abbot-President of the Anglo-Benedictines), delivered a learned discourse on the history of the Pallium; on the latter, Father Bridgett preached a sermon which he styled his "*nunc dimittis*"; for it was the realization of his lifelong desire that England should be once more publicly proclaimed the Dowry of Mary.

Of the strictly diocesan works undertaken by the Cardinal, three chief ones stand out. One was the establishment of the Social Union, under which many of the wealthy members of the laity devoted themselves to work among the poor in the east end of London; another was the Rescue work, conducted on the same lines as at Salford; the third one was the formation of Boys' Brigades in connection

with many of the London missions, in order to keep together boys and young men during the years immediately after they leave school. He also gave such attention to the finance of the diocese, and by the assistance of the Temporal Council, a scheme was drawn out for systematically working to reduce the capital debt on the missions.

His work for St. Edmund's College would require a long chapter to record in full. The time of his rule was one of material prosperity to the College. The number of pupils was high, and much was done for the material improvement of the house. In all this the Cardinal showed throughout a warm interest, and at the time when the new buildings were being put up he himself gave £1,000 towards the expense.

Several other educational works claimed his early attention. The Diocesan Seminary at Hammersmith, founded by Cardinal Manning in 1869, was in a state of financial embarrassment, and few expected it to survive very long. In the event it was shut up early in 1893, and the students were transferred to St. Mary's College, Oscott, which was shortly afterwards formed into a joint seminary for several dioceses in the South of England. An even more far-reaching change took place in the system of lay education, by the opening of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge to Catholics. Cardinal Vaughan had formerly been a strong opponent of such a measure, and co-operated with Cardinal Manning in resisting it. Once, however, that he realized that circumstances rendered it practically unavoidable, he frankly ceased his opposition, and, after obtaining the requisite general permission from the Holy See, devoted himself to making the best provision that circumstances would allow for

the welfare of students. With somewhat startling suddenness, he even sanctioned the presence of ecclesiastical students at Cambridge, and gladly accepted the generous present, which the Duke of Norfolk offered him, of a large house for their use. The Jesuit and Benedictine houses at Oxford and the Benedictine one at Cambridge likewise received his approval; and in order to strengthen the work of Catholic secondary schools, and to be ready in advance for the Government legislation which was yearly expected, he invited the heads of Catholic Colleges to form themselves into an association. This latter step has been attended with the happiest results; but for the rest, the change in circumstances was too quick for many people. The rapidity with which the Cardinal adapted his mind to the new state of things caused surprise and even bewilderment in the minds of many, and the question of ecclesiastical education at the old Universities cannot be said even yet to have taken very definite shape.

Both on the question of the Seminaries and of the Universities, it will be noted that Cardinal Vaughan was going in direct opposition to the work of his predecessor. A less strong-minded man would perhaps have felt this more than he did. With him, ready as he always was to take immediate action, the whole presented itself simply in the same light that a military situation does to a general. He was satisfied that the needs of the moment demanded action in a particular direction; and neither past nor future troubled him. Possibly also the unfeigned veneration which he had ever felt towards Cardinal Manning prevented any suspicion in his own mind that he could be in any way wanting in loyalty to his memory; and if the question were brought before

him, he would simply say that circumstances had changed and we must change also.

The last years of the Cardinal's life were devoted to the erection of the new Cathedral and Archbishop's House ; and his interest became more and more centred in these as his failing health prevented him from doing so much active work as formerly. The power of his personal influence was never more strongly in evidence than when he undertook this gigantic work. From the first, the idea itself was not very popular, and in more than one way the details of the plan, when they were known, did not increase its popularity. The appointment of Mr. Bentley as the architect was indeed commonly approved of ; but the style of architecture selected, though liked by some, was very freely criticized by many. It was contended that everything was sacrificed in favour of making it a record for size ; and this was in truth the Cardinal's main idea. Then it was announced that the office was to be sung by a French Benedictine community, which seemed to many unsuitable for the English national cathedral. Others also proclaimed that the whole scheme was diverting money and energy from other more pressing needs, which would suffer in consequence ; while not a few looked on its size as a positive disadvantage, thinking that no congregation would be forthcoming to fill it. Cardinal Vaughan's personal influence, however, was able to outweigh all these considerations, and from the first beginning of the scheme money came in steadily and continuously. Later on a large sum was added from the proceeds of the sale of the church at Moorfields, which, owing to the general emigration of residents from London into the suburbs, had become a church without a congregation. By

this means, therefore, the work of the Cathedral was able to go forward without interruption. Moreover, as the walls rose, public opinion began to be greatly modified, as architects and other judges gave it unstinted admiration. Those who were most bitter against it had to admit that as a building it was a success ; some have gone so far as to call it the finest structure put up in Europe for more than three centuries.

The Cardinal's health first showed signs of giving way in November, 1897. He had just been journeying through Essex on a kind of missionary tour, lecturing at the town halls, and in out-of-the-way villages and elsewhere, on Catholic subjects, and explaining Catholic doctrine. It was a novel experiment, and he was pleased with its success, and was meditating a second tour when his health failed him. The symptoms that first showed themselves—pain in the heart and want of breath—he had, he said, experienced before, but not since forty years ago, when he was Vice-President of St. Edmund's. For a time the Cardinal was incapacitated for work. His public engagements were cancelled, and he retired to the College at Mill Hill. A few weeks later, yielding to the imperative advice of his physicians, he went abroad to seek rest and quiet amidst new surroundings and in a genial climate. The spot selected for his sojourn was the little town of Grasse, on the Riviera, and there he spent about two months. But he did not obtain the cure he sought. As soon as it became evident that there would be no substantial improvement he determined to come back, and do as much work as still lay within his power, while awaiting the end. He returned, therefore, in February, 1898, depressed in mind and body. The most gloomy

forebodings were indulged in on all sides, and it was freely asserted that he had not much longer to live.

For a time, however, the Cardinal falsified all predictions. By taking care of himself, and husbanding his strength, he was able to get through the more necessary part of his work in the summer, and in the autumn of 1898 his health showed signs of distinct improvement. Nevertheless, it was considered wise that he should not tax his energies more than absolutely necessary; so he sought and obtained leave to choose an auxiliary bishop, to relieve him of the routine work of the diocese. His choice fell upon Father Brindle, the well-known and much-respected army chaplain, who had but recently been through the Soudan campaign, and was still on duty in Egypt. Father Brindle accepted the post, and resigning his commission in the army, returned forthwith to England, receiving his episcopal consecration on his way through Rome. Eventually an unexpectedly large share of the Cardinal's duties devolved on him, owing to the illness of Canon Barry, who had been Vicar-General since the death of Mgr. Gilbert in 1895. Bishop Brindle was not young to begin a new life of this sort, and he was called upon practically to administer the diocese single-handed; but fortunately he had strength and vigour to enable him to take the full burden on to his shoulders, and to relieve the Cardinal of much anxiety. At the end of 1899 Mgr. Barry died, and Mgr. Fenton succeeded him as Vicar-General. A few months later Bishop Brindle was nominated Bishop of Nottingham, and the Archdiocese was once more without an auxiliary bishop. The fact that the Cardinal continued for a time without one, relying on the occasional help of Bishop Bellord, is evidence of the improvement in his health.

But the improvement was not destined to be permanent. Early in June, 1902, a sudden collapse caused his doctors to order his immediate removal, to take the waters of Nauheim in Germany ; but as this had not the desired effect he returned to England, and for some months stayed with Lord Edmund Talbot at Derwent Hall, near Sheffield. Here, by taking strict care of his health, he was able to direct the counsels of Catholics during the last stages of the Education Bill, and at the end, he came to London to meet the bishops on certain points that had arisen. But it was becoming daily more evident that he had not much longer to live. On St. Joseph's day, March 19th, he became suddenly worse, and he believed himself to be dying. By his own request he was anointed, but an hour or two later the attack passed away and he ceased to be in immediate danger. As soon as he became a little better he was removed to Mill Hill, where the last few weeks of his life were spent. On June 18th he made his solemn profession of faith before four Canons representing the Chapter ; and the following evening he passed away.

His funeral was carried out, in accordance with his express wish, with the utmost simplicity. There was no public procession through the streets of London such as had been so marked a feature in the funerals of his two predecessors. Two Requiem Masses were sung, in the churches which will respectively recall the two great works of his life. The official one was in the new Cathedral of Westminster, and, as the first public function in it, pathetically served for its solemn opening. For the second time Cardinal Logue stood on that spot, as the representative of Catholic Ireland. In 1895 he had assisted Cardinal Vaughan in the ceremony

of laying the foundation stone ; now he came to be the first to sprinkle his coffin at the solemn opening of the Cathedral. The bishops of the English Province also assisted, as well as a very large congregation, including members of the various diplomatic corps, and other distinguished laymen. The sermon was preached by Bishop Hedley, the senior bishop, and the one in whose diocese Courtfield is situated. The next day, the final Requiem took place, which was of a more domestic character, being sung at Mill Hill by the Fathers and students of his own Society of Foreign Missions, of which he remained to the end the Father Superior. Most fitly was he laid to rest in their midst. In a beautiful spot in the College grounds, where there is a representation of Calvary, under the shadow of a large crucifix, lies all that is mortal of Herbert Cardinal Vaughan. His grave will remain a constant reminder to the members of the College of a life of singular self-sacrifice, in which the foundation of their work occupied a foremost place. For of all the varied achievements of his singularly active life, none will stand out to future generations as fraught with more permanent fruitfulness in the salvation of souls and more characteristic of the man himself, than the foundation of the Society for Foreign Missions.

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A STORY OF AN INDIAN BOY.

People have often asked me: "Why are you so deeply interested in Foreign Missions? Surely there is enough to be done among the pagans in our own country!" That may be true; but still I think that is a very narrow view to take of Christianity. Our Lord's command was to preach and teach the Faith to all the world; and there is no doubt that white and coloured nations are alike in His eyes. He died for all; and to all is His Gospel message sent. Moreover if you go to pagan lands, you will find among the people an eagerness to learn, a keen intelligence, and above all, when conviction of the Truth has once reached their minds, a steadfastness of purpose and a courage which will make them face persecution and suffering and the most terrible martyrdom rather than relinquish the Faith which God has put into their hearts. There is no Catholic missioner, be it in India, China, Africa or anywhere else, who will not bear witness to this fact; and I am going to give you a tale of an Indian boy which I think will bear out what I have been saying. The story was sent to me by a holy Jesuit Father, who was Director of St. Joseph's College at Trichinopoli in the Madras Presidency.

In this College pagan boys are received as well as Christians, and among them was a lad of fourteen or fifteen, whom we will call by the name he chose later on, Xavier. It was at the beginning of the year 1884. He soon attracted general attention, not so much from his diminutive stature, as from his success as a student, his frank, cheerful manner, and his unusually refined thoughts and feelings, which proved him to have received careful home training. He was, however, only one of the many excellent pagan boys who had been received that year in the College to attend the classes, and no one suspected that on his soul the light of faith was to shine with more than ordinary brightness; no one dreamt that this little child, apparently no better than so many of his schoolmates, would one day set an example of virtue and constancy in suffering for the Faith which the most fervent Christians might admire and strive to imitate.

While he was preparing for the matriculation examination of the Madras University, he used now and then to come into the room of the Father, who was not only the spiritual director of the Christian boarders but also prefect of discipline to the day scholars. His visits were rare and short, and if he and the Father chatted for a moment, it was only on school affairs or some other equally indifferent topic. His deeply religious nature, however, would manifest itself on several occasions, and also an appreciation of Catholicism, though the thought of becoming a Christian at that time never seems to have entered his mind. He was struck by the beauty of the ceremonies, the piety

of the processions, and especially by the modesty of the boarders; but at first it went no farther.

Little by little, however, Xavier's native inquisitiveness led him to ask questions about religion, the meaning of religious symbols, etc., and his prejudices began to weaken. He made friends with some of the Catholic day scholars, whose kindness and good behaviour won his admiration. One of these boys, with whom he was on very intimate terms, resolved to endeavour to convert him, and was his visible angel guardian. By degrees, their conversation always turned to religious subjects; and faith began to cast its first rays into the mind of the little pagan. But he fought his way, inch by inch, very bravely. He would come to his friend armed to the teeth with objections against the Divinity of our Divine Lord, which he drew from the Bible itself. These objections were often both serious and subtle; and to answer them required a knowledge of Holy Writ which his young friend did not possess. But the latter would come to the Father, every evening almost, to have the difficult points cleared up and then go back with the answer to Xavier, who, be it said to his honour, never resisted a clear demonstration.

It was towards the end of his First Arts Course in 1888 that Xavier came to the Father and told him that now all his hesitation was over; that he was determined to become a Christian, and that he believed in the Divinity of our Blessed Lord and in all the truths He had revealed to His Church. From that earnest profession of faith he never receded. It may be said that he gave himself up wholly to our Blessed Lord,

and in anticipation of his baptism he begged to be called by the name of Xavier, out of admiration for this great Saint whose life he had read and studied in its minutest details. His favourite devotion was meditation on the Passion of Jesus; he loved to dwell on His sufferings and was deeply moved at the thought of all our Blessed Lord had endured to redeem him. That feeling led him to understand also devotion to the Sacred Heart, which he embraced most fervently. On Saturdays at four o'clock he never failed to go to his Father Confessor's room to receive a short instruction on the Passion and also on devotion to our Lady, whom he loved with tender and filial affection. He prayed to her every day, and would say five decades of the Rosary on his fingers, for prudence would not allow him to have a crucifix or beads about his person. He was naturally chaste, and avoided with scrupulous care everything that might in any way lead him into temptation or diminish his purity of soul and body. He used to congratulate himself on being very short-sighted, so that it was easier for him to escape seeing the shameful sights so often to be met with in a large pagan town.

In spite of Xavier's prudence, however, his relations began to suspect his conversion to Catholicism, and sent spies to dog his steps whenever he left the house. When their suspicions were confirmed, they did not hesitate to use the most odious means to stifle the boy's Christian feelings. He was exposed to the same temptation that was brought to bear on St. Thomas Aquinas as a child; but Xavier put the tempter to flight.

Soon after, he was taken to a pagan festival and placed before the abandoned women that disgrace such festivals with their indecent dances and behaviour; but Xavier saw the snare and had recourse to his ordinary means of overcoming danger. He told the Father afterwards that as soon as he was conscious of the temptation, he called to mind as lively a representation as he could of Jesus crucified, so that, for above half an hour, he was unconscious of what was going on around him. Our Lord rewarded the fidelity of His little servant by delivering him henceforth from all temptations against purity.

Such being the interior life of this boy, though still unbaptized, he could not but be grieved at the conduct of some of the Christian boys in the College, who paid no attention to the commandments of the Church. Though to all external appearance a pagan and supposed to be a worshipper of the god Siva, he undertook the conversion of those who attended the College as day scholars. He showed such tact, prudence and perseverance in this matter, that many were persuaded to change their conduct; and so especially won the confidence of one of them named Ambrose, that the lad became really his spiritual child. Ambrose was a youth of great promise and ability, who had neglected his religious duties altogether. A few weeks later Xavier brought him to the Father's room, saying: "I bring you Ambrose, who has promised me to lead a more fervent life in future. Please hear his confession!" The Blessed Sacrament completed Xavier's work, and Ambrose is to-day one of the most fervent of our

Catholic workers. He ever after entertained the most profound gratitude for his little friend, and when the time of persecution came which cut off all communication between Xavier and the Catholic priest, Ambrose was his only consoler.

Xavier, alas! was not his own master; he was only fifteen years old, and his father, who at first was won by his child's filial affection and seemed well-disposed to his thoughts of conversion, suddenly changed his mind without any apparent reason, became harsh to the boy, and began to observe with extreme care all he did and said. His mother was dead; but his stepmother, who at first had seemed to enter into his views, and who had never ceased praising the nuns in the town, whose convent she had often visited, suddenly turned against him also. This was the beginning of persecution. But it only made poor little Xavier long more and more for the day when he could openly profess his faith. How often did he count up the number of years, months and weeks which separated him from the longed-for moment when the Sacrament of Baptism would make him a child of God and of the Church! He even aimed higher; the world had little attraction for him, and all his affections turned to the religious life. His delight was to speak about the happiness he would enjoy when once in the Society of Jesus. In order to make himself worthy of that grace, he began what may be called a life of penance and mortification; in this again the young catechumen left the ordinary Christian far behind. From devotion to our Lord's Passion he imitated the example of St. Berchmans and

St. Aloysius, forbidding himself, for the love of Jesus, the most legitimate pleasures.

In 1889 the Duke of Clarence visited the town of Trichinopoli, famed for an immense rock that rises in front of the college, which is crowned with a renowned pagoda. Great demonstrations of public rejoicing had been prepared for the young Prince, which were to consist chiefly in the illumination of the rock. It would be hard indeed to imagine a more gorgeous spectacle than that of the rock, losing itself in the air, with its sides garlanded in all directions with lines of lighted torches and Bengal fires of every hue, sending through the sky showers of burning stars of every colour. This beautiful sight was enhanced still more by being reflected in the water of an immense artificial lake which had been prepared at the foot of the rock. Thousands of people flocked from all directions to see this dazzling and really marvellous sight. But Xavier was determined to profit by the occasion to prove his love for our Blessed Lord. He resolved to deny himself by remaining at home and spending in prayer the time which every one else would spend in pleasure. His father, however, insisted on his accompanying him to the rock, and it was impossible for him to refuse. Yet he kept to his resolution after all, having managed to get into a corner, where he closed his eyes and continued his habitual meditation on the Passion of our Lord.

The following year the same beautiful spectacle was renewed in honour of the Czarevitch. But this time Xavier was more fortunate; he shut himself up in his

little room and spent the time in reading a pious book. The same spirit of mortification induced him to absent himself twice from the annual distribution of prizes in the College, to which hundreds of spectators are yearly attracted by the theatrical performances which take place by the students. He got into the habit of putting too much salt into his food and sprinkling it with ashes; and gave it up only when it was absolutely forbidden by his director.

Xavier was nearing his B.A. examination towards the end of 1890 when his father died, and that so suddenly and unexpectedly that he had not a moment to come and ask for advice as to what he should do in circumstances so critical and dangerous for his faith. But by a special Providence, all was arranged. The next day the Father received the following note from him: "I have been forced to preside at all the ceremonies usual on such occasions. I feel sure that God, who sees and knows my heart, will consider the position I have been placed in, and will not be angry with me for my compliance." In fact, to declare himself as a Christian at that moment would have been to give himself up bound hand and foot to his enemies, who after taking him away from the College would have left no stone unturned to pervert him. His father's death was a terrible sorrow to Xavier; he had always prayed earnestly for his conversion, and as he had boundless confidence in prayer, he was astounded at his petitions not being granted. To console him, the Father explained to Xavier those miracles of grace which so often take place at the last moment of a man's life and made

him understand that it was not at all impossible that his father might have been saved at the last.

But the hour of real persecution was at hand. The first of Xavier's trials was his failure in the examination for his degree. This unexpected event subjected him to a relation who, according to the laws of the country, became his guardian and took his father's place, with all a father's authority and rights, until the boy's majority. This relation, who was a strict observer of the Sivite religion, found out his dispositions towards Christianity, and resolved on effacing them. All means that would bring about this end seemed to him good and he endeavoured in every way to pervert his mind and corrupt his heart. He began by withdrawing Xavier at once from the College, hoping that, when left to himself and unaided from without, he would more easily be influenced by those who had been charged to bring him back to paganism. He was continually watched, and special care was taken not to allow him to hold any communication with the College. He was tortured with embarrassing questions on religion, and Catholicism was reviled all day long.

But Xavier understood that the only thing he could do was to be silent and to keep out of the way of his enemies as much as possible. He lived almost continually shut up in his room, where he spent his time in prayer and study. This life of seclusion and moral constraint soon began to tell on his health and he had constant attacks of fever. Our Blessed Lord, however, did not leave His child without some consolation. His friend Ambrose, although a Christian, was a friend

of the family, and so could visit Xavier when he pleased. He thus became an angel of peace and consolation to the poor little prisoner, brought tidings of him to the College and carried back words of encouragement and faith to cheer his solitude. One night, however, Xavier managed to escape from his spies, and came to the Father who had been his faithful friend and adviser from the first. Suffering and anxiety were strongly marked on his pale and haggard face; but he came to announce that he had been offered a good employment, with a salary of twenty-five rupees a month at Kumbakonam, and that, besides, a professor there had promised to give him private instruction for his B.A. examination. He added that this would be a fortune for himself and his step-mother, as his father's affairs had turned out to be in a very bad condition and they were now obliged to live by selling the jewels and other things which his father had left to him. All his relations pressed him to accept the post and start at once. "But," he exclaimed, "I must not think of it. At Kumbakonam there is no priest, and I should assuredly lose my soul. Hunger and misery would be preferable!" He ended by imploring the Father to find him some work which he could do in the town, adding that a week gained at that moment would be worth a year.

The Father succeeded in getting Xavier employment at once, and the storm was averted for the time by his being able to remain in Trichinopoli. Strangely enough, however, no sooner had all chance of obtaining the situation at Kumbakonam disappeared, than he lost, through death, the place the Fathers had found for him.

Xavier accepted this fresh misfortune with wonderful sweetness, only begging his friends to pray for him and beseech his Divine Master not to abandon him. His guardian then made up his mind that the boy should be married; this he thought would be an infallible means of keeping him in the family and preventing his becoming a Christian. Every preparation was made; but the realization of this scheme was prevented by a near relation being carried off by cholera in a couple of hours, so that the marriage ceremony could not be performed in consequence of the mourning.

Xavier's guardian, however, did not forget his resolution to force the boy back to Hindooism. He wrote to two of his friends at Trichinopoli, calling on them to renew their vigilance and telling them not on any account to allow Xavier to come to the College, save for the rare occasions when he was obliged to see the professors for the solution of his difficulties in the preparation for his examination. It was, therefore, under these painful circumstances that Xavier spent the year 1891. How long the months seemed to him! How happy he was when he could escape from his house at night and come and see the Fathers! His life of privation had deeply injured his health; he suffered frequently from giddiness and complained of a general feeling of weakness.

Such struggles could not fail to undermine the constitution of a lad of sixteen; however, his trials were not over. The day of the examination, the preparation for which had cost Xavier so much labour, was come. He had first the difficulty of raising the thirty-six rupees

which was the fee required for the B.A. examination. Then, after answering very well the first of the six question papers, he was seized with a violent attack of fever, which compelled him to take to his bed. Though feeling deeply this fresh stroke of misfortune, he said his "Fiat" from the bottom of his heart. A letter which he wrote a month later (Jan., 1892) to an old companion, then a novice in the Society of Jesus, will give our readers a fair idea of his feelings on this occasion.

"My dear Friend,

"God does not spare me trials or afflictions of every kind. Last year, as you know, He let me fail in my examination; and ever since He has allowed my relations to persecute and torment me in every possible way. With the hope and intention of shaking my resolution to become a Catholic, one of them took me to Kumbakonam where he exposed me to every kind of temptation; but God, in His mercy, through the intercession of our Blessed Mother, did not suffer me to fall. To show my gratitude to our Lord, I have taken a resolution never to go again to Kumbakonam. This year again I had been working very hard to prepare for the B.A. examination; but our Lord in His infinite goodness sent me a bad attack of fever the very first day of the examination! I feel sure that the more I am tried, the more I shall be blessed and strengthened in my Faith. I am very happy to have something to suffer, so as to imitate in some slight degree the example of our Blessed Lord. My position at home has become so difficult that I can only

see Father Herandean once a fortnight and that at eight o'clock at night. Every day seems a year to me, and I sigh more and more for the moment when our Lord will grant me the inestimable favour of holy Baptism. I find consolation in reading the lives of the martyrs of Rome and the life of St. Teresa, which was lent to me by one of the Fathers. Their examples give me strength to suffer for our Lord and make me understand that, after all, all I do is wretchedly small. Pray for me that God may give me patience to go on bravely till I can become a novice like you and shall have reached my majority."

But poor Xavier's difficulties went on increasing. The jewels of which we have spoken had all been sold, and positive misery had succeeded to poverty in the home which was so comfortable during the lifetime of Xavier's father. It was absolutely necessary that he should at once find some means of earning his living, and his step-mother urged him to do so, threatening him otherwise to have recourse to the guardian whom Xavier dreaded so much. The Fathers did their best; but their first endeavour to get him into a school directed by a Christian failed; and a letter written to a rich man, a Christian living in the town, to whom Xavier's sad story was fully told, not only received no answer, but even fell into the hands of his enemies. Every one became disheartened; but Xavier did not lose courage, though he felt deeply every fresh disappointment. "Father!" he exclaimed one day, "it is enough for me to desire very strongly or to set about anything, for our Lord to turn against me. But I

am sure He has some design in this and has His own intentions, which we must adore. I only pray to accept His will unreservedly." At last, the post of professor in one of the lower classes of the College fell vacant and, to his great joy, Xavier's application for it was accepted. Now his livelihood was assured and he could defy the plots of his pagan enemies. Xavier felt more strongly than ever that our Lord had directed events in the most merciful manner, for his failures in everything else were destined to keep him in Trichinopoli, where he was to receive that greatest of graces, Holy Baptism.

On the 3rd of February, 1892, he consequently again entered St. Joseph's College as professor where he had spent seven years as a pupil and had found the inestimable treasure of the Faith. He began his work joyfully and earnestly and his step-mother, who, after all, had no hopes but in him, returned to kinder and better feelings towards him, so that his future happiness seemed secured.

But we often fail in estimating or understanding God's dealings with those He has chosen for Himself. Only thirteen days after his return to the College he was once more seized with fever and had to go home. At first it was only slight, and no one anticipated any danger, as, weakened by long suffering, he had been, for some time, subject to slight attacks. But his old friend Ambrose, who had come to nurse him, was not satisfied and watched him anxiously. On the 24th of February the fever became more serious: and at 4 o'clock that evening, Ambrose came to the college and told Father

Herandean that Xavier was, he feared, dangerously ill, and that his step-mother had, of her own accord, asked him if he would like to see a priest. Xavier joyfully assented and begged her to send for one at once. But then, turning to Ambrose, he said that he feared the other women in the house and the neighbours might be obstacles in the Father's way, and that it was perhaps better that he should try to get up himself and go to see Father Herandean. Ambrose had to explain to him that his great weakness and the fever would not allow him to do so. Xavier then said he would go to his own little room where he would be more quiet, but he found he was too weak to move from one room to another; so Ambrose promised to go instantly for the Father, bring him to the room where he was, and keep the women out of the way. We will give the remainder of this story in the Father's own words:

"As poor Xavier was not *in extremis*, I thought it would be better to delay my visit until I could baptize him with security, for I feared it might be difficult to pay a second visit to the house. But I told Ambrose, to whom I gave a bottle of holy water, to baptize him if a sudden change for the worse supervened and if he had not time to let me know when such a change came. At 5.30 P.M. Ambrose rushed back, saying Xavier was much worse, and that he thought he was nearing his end. Accompanied by another priest, I went instantly to the house and we entered the apartment, where we found the poor lad lying on his mat and the women squatted in the corner of the room. His step-mother had prepared two chairs for us and seemed herself

very sad. I knelt down by Xavier's side; he was very low, but in full possession of his senses and his whole face lighted up with joy when he saw me. I spoke to him of our Lord and His Blessed Mother and made him repeat the acts of faith, hope and charity, which he did in a clear voice and with deep feelings of love. I then told him that the hour was come for him to go to heaven and enjoy the presence of our Blessed Lord and Saviour for ever, so that I was going to baptize him. I then asked: 'Do you wish to be baptized?' 'I do wish it most earnestly,' he replied. I continued: 'Do you believe that Jesus Christ is the Son of God and the Saviour of the world?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'I do believe it.' 'Do you repent of all the sins whereby you have offended our Divine Lord?' 'I do,' he said earnestly, 'and am most heartily sorry for them.' Then, as if to give him some medicine, I asked Ambrose for the little bottle which contained the regenerating water. On the opposite side of the mat, I placed before me a native Christian doctor, whom I had met on the way and had begged him to follow me. Beside me was the priest who had accompanied me; and opposite him was another of Xavier's Christian friends. At this solemn moment, therefore, Xavier was surrounded by Christians, and that in a violently pagan house, from which the day before we should have been chased with insults. Then I poured the water on the head of the dear little hero, and, pronouncing the sacred words, gave him the name of Xavier. The expression of his face I shall never forget. His great desire was at last satisfied; he was now indeed a child of God

and of His Church, a blessing for which he had so earnestly prayed.

"During all this time, Ambrose was unselfishly occupied in keeping out of the room Xavier's relations and friends, who all wanted to know what we were doing, and who, if they had been admitted, would have certainly caused us much trouble. I suggested some ejaculatory prayers to the dying lad and encouraged him to suffer with patience and think no more of anything but of heaven, where Jesus was waiting to receive him and reward him for all he had suffered here. Then giving him a last and fervent blessing, we returned to the College, leaving Xavier in a state of mental peace and happiness, but of great bodily prostration.

"The moment we left, his step-mother and relations eagerly surrounded him; but Ambrose, who remained by his side to the end, told me that no allusion whatever was made to what had just taken place and that no mention was made of religion. Towards evening he lost consciousness and on the 25th of February, 1892, this holy little soul was released and went to appear in the presence of His Lord, clothed in his baptismal robes."

STEPHEN'S MISTAKE.

A VERY strong feeling seems to be growing in England, as in other countries in Europe, that agricultural labour is a mistake and rather lowers a man's position; that it is much wiser to abandon it and go to seek work in our large towns, where wages are higher and labour less fatiguing. That this view is a grave mistake in many cases has been often proved, and the following true story will confirm this statement.

In a village in France lived a very respectable man and his wife and three children. It was summer-time, and the hay harvest was in full swing. The weather was fine; and hot as the good labourer Stephen undoubtedly was, he mowed on with energy till evening, and then joyfully walked home to his pretty cottage, where he knew his good little wife would have his supper ready. The next day was a holiday; so both the elder children would help in the haymaking, while the baby would lie on a haycock while his mother was at work, and then the children would be allowed, as they were last year, to ride home at the top of the hay-laden waggon, as it went through the village, with its sweet scent of fresh hay, till they reached the well-

known little garden, with its roses and honeysuckle, which surrounded their home.

Their mother, Germaine, was a good and loving woman and both she and her husband were simple and pious, saying their prayers together every evening when the clock struck nine, and never missing Mass on Sundays and great feast-days. They were poor, it is true, but she was a good manager and had never known the want of really necessary things.

One Sunday morning Stephen met an old neighbour of his named Auguste Michel, who had left the village of Grandpré some few years before. After having tried various trades, he became a kind of commercial traveller for a wine merchant, and by his outward appearance seemed to have succeeded admirably. Wishing to surprise his old neighbours, he called Stephen and said: "Well, how do you do? you are always the same, I think."

"I cannot say as much for you," replied Stephen; "you look quite like a gentleman!"

"O yes, one gets on, you know," answered Michel. "The fact is, my dear fellow, it is only in Paris that one can live. An intelligent man like you would soon make his fortune there and get out of the rut you live in!"

"I am not in a rut!" exclaimed Stephen, rather offended.

"What I meant was," continued Michel, "that you country labourers work yourselves to death, and to arrive at what? . . . simply not to die of hunger."

"But at the end of the year," replied Stephen with

some dignity, "we always put something by for a rainy day."

Michel smiled disdainfully. "Yes, four or five pounds perhaps; and with that, how do you mean to bring up your daughters?"

"They will work, like their mother," answered the wise father.

"O, you might spare them all that," retorted Michel. "Now, look here, if you like I can get you a place with my employer. You would lead an easy life, with short journeys and good dinners here and there, and you would be able to put by more in a month than you would in a year at Grandpré."

"Tell your fine stories to other people," replied Stephen. "I am very happy where I am, and I mean to remain here."

"All right," answered Michel. "Only if you change your mind I'm your man and you can reckon on me."

At that moment Germaine came to rejoin her husband; she bowed coldly to the Parisian, whom she did not like, and he quickly withdrew. When they were alone, Stephen said to her: "Would you believe it, Germaine? That fellow has been doing his best to persuade me to give up Grandpré and go to Paris! A man like that has cheek enough for anything! But I think I put him in his place."

"And you did quite right" replied his wife. "Where could we be happier than at Grandpré?"

They did not talk any more on the subject; but somehow or other Michel's words were perpetually recurring to Stephen, and he began to find his daily work unusually

heavy and disagreeable. By degrees, he became rough, impatient, and not like himself, so that Germaine hardly dared to talk to him, and his children avoided him. The truth was that a fixed idea was in his head: and who does not know the strength and persistence of a thing like that? It follows a man all day during his work, in his family circle, but especially at night, when it banishes all sleep, or real rest. Imagination takes the place of reason, and makes acts appear natural which are really against all common sense.

If Stephen had confided his visions to Germaine, the very fact of revealing his thoughts would have opened his eyes. But taciturnity is one of the signs of a fixed idea and he held his tongue. Unfortunately a hail-storm that year destroyed their vines, which were their principal resource; and in two days they lost their only horse.

This brought Stephen's hesitation to an end; and one morning he announced to Germaine that he had made up his mind to sell his cottage and give up his work so as to start for Paris. The poor woman was stupefied at first; but when she tried to bring forward some arguments against the proposal, her husband was so furious that she fled into the garden with her baby in her arms. However, maternal love triumphed and she resumed her remonstrances; but the only thing she obtained was that their home should be let and not sold, so that, if Paris did not answer, they might return to it.

A few days later, the whole family started for Paris to Stephen's great satisfaction, who had recovered his

good temper and was full of hope and sanguine expectations.

We will pass over a year of their stay in that great capital. A grave deception followed them on their arrival. Auguste Michel had got into disgrace with his employer and had been dismissed from his house, so he could no longer keep his promise; but Stephen, though very much mortified and disappointed, would not give up his plan. He had learned the trade of a locksmith as a boy, and resolved to try that. Being a good and conscientious workman, he soon got employment and at good wages. But house rent and living are both dear in Paris, as in London; and he soon found he could put nothing by. Then his companions in the workshop got an influence over him, and persuaded him to go with them to this and that show, which always ended in the public-house. Very soon he brought back only a small portion of his wages to poor Germaine, who worked day and night to make up the deficiencies. Then there was no means of paying the rent and they were turned out into a miserable cellar, which had neither air nor light. Finally, Stephen fell dangerously ill with typhoid fever, and had to be taken to the hospital.

It was a bitterly cold morning in November when the passers-by were attracted by a poor woman, still young but shabbily dressed, who was carrying a baby in her arms and endeavouring to shelter him from the biting wind; while two other children of eight and ten years, barelegged and shivering, followed her, hand in hand.

"Are we going back to that horrid cellar?" said the little boy to his sister.

"Where else can we go?" she replied sadly. "Poor father is in hospital and can earn nothing and we are only too glad to get any kind of shelter."

"Glad to be in that black hole," exclaimed the boy, "where there is never a bit of sun! Surely you and I might earn something," he added, stretching out his little skinny arms. "I saw yesterday a boy not bigger than I am, who earned tenpence a day by carrying wood and running messages. I am sure I could do something like that! but above all, I should like to go back to Grandpré, even if it were on foot!"

"Without shoes and stockings?" said the little girl sadly. "They have all been pawned."

The poor mother, Germaine, who had heard all this (for it was indeed the once comfortable and happy wife and mother), hurried down a dark passage which led to the damp and sunless hole which the boy had described, and where there were none even of the necessaries of life, all their goods having been seized for rent. In one corner was some hay with a poor bit of sackcloth, on which she deposited the baby; and then bursting into tears exclaimed: "They have refused me any more work, so we have nothing to do but to die! O Stephen! O my poor children!"

"Let us go back to Grandpré, mother," cried little Paul.

"What? in this state? We must have some money to go and something to eat first. But where are we to get it? Here, no one knows us, no one cares what

happens to us. Must I send you to beg? God forbid!" and the poor mother gave way to a fresh cry of despair.

At that moment a slight knock was heard at the door and Paul exclaimed: "Who knows? perhaps it is some good angel whom God has sent us."

His sister opened the door and disclosed the white cornette of one of the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, who smilingly entered the poor shelter. She was one who had passed many years in the service of the poor; but the peace and sweetness of a life of devotion and self-abnegation were reflected on her countenance and she attracted every one by her tenderness and sympathy. She had seen Germaine and her children that morning at Mass, where the poor woman had gone to pour out all her sorrows and pray for help; had been touched by the sight and had followed them to the cellar, feeling sure that this was a case in which help was urgently needed.

"What can I do for you?" she said gently to Germaine, taking her cold hand.

The poor mother looked up, and said in an accent of despair: "Alas! there is too much to do."

"Send us back to Grandpré," cried out the little boy. "There we have a house, and people who love us, and sun and flowers and trees!"

"Is Grandpré far from Paris, my little man?" asked the Sister.

Paul looked at his sister with an embarrassed air, for he had not an idea of distance. But the little girl answered: "It is about forty miles from here, I think. We came by train."

"Well, that does not seem an impossible distance," replied the good Sister cheerily. "But first we must think of breakfast. What have you got?"

"We have only a little bread left," answered the mother sadly; "and we want above all some milk for the baby, who has had nothing since last night."

"We will go and fetch some," replied the Sister, "and also some wood to make you a good fire. Come along, children! You will let me take them, won't you?" she added, looking at Germaine, who bowed her glad acquiescence.

The poor woman was so cast down and discouraged that she could scarcely allow herself to hope for better things. But the Sister of Charity was as good as her word and speedily returned, bringing all that was necessary for a comfortable meal, and herself lighting the fire to warm and cheer them.

When the breakfast was over, Germaine, amidst her sobs, opened her whole heart to the loving Sister, telling her of their sad experience, and of the serious illness of her husband. "At this moment the doctor tells me he is out of danger," she continued, "but his convalescence is very slow. And he is so full of remorse for what he calls his 'folly' in coming to Paris and leaving our happy little home, that his sadness retards his recovery."

"How often I have heard similar stories!" said the good Sister of Charity. "If only agricultural labourers would believe how much better off they are in their old homes, and how miserable life is in these great towns! But in your case all this, I hope, will soon be remedied.

You must go back to Grandpré, as your little boy said just now."

"But in this state?" exclaimed Germaine. "I never should dare show my face with such a miserable gown, and all our clothes are in the pawnbroker's hands!"

"I will find you others," gently replied the Sister.

"Who would ever believe in old times that I should be compelled to accept alms like this?"

"Now listen to me," answered the Sister again: "We are all children of the same Father, are we not? and it is surely only natural that we should help one another. Some day you will do for another what I am doing for you now," she added, while softly patting the little girl Martha's head, who was looking at her with undisguised admiration. "What a glorious thing it is to be a Sister of Charity!" exclaimed the child. "When I am grown up I do hope I shall be one too!"

While the Sister was speaking poor Germaine's face resumed its usual expression, and for the first time for many weeks she smiled. "Thank you a thousand times," she murmured. "You are only too good, and now I feel that God has not abandoned us."

Three weeks later, the whole family returned to Grandpré; Stephen still pale and weak, but full of hope of regaining his old home and position, which he had lost through his obstinacy and feebleness of character. Very soon they drew near to their dear old cottage, which looked as fresh and bright as in old times, while the children were almost wild with delight.

Tears came into Stephen's eyes, "Ah, if I had but known!" he said sighing.

"But you know now," replied his wife, who had come back to her old merry ways, "and you are not likely to be deceived again with fine words. We shall always know now who are our real friends."

"Yes," answered Stephen very humbly. "We will let men like Auguste Michel talk as they will; but we shall believe the good Sister of Charity, who has really been our good angel."

A STORY OF CAPETOWN.

It was in the year 1825 that a young merchant, finding himself one day in the neighbourhood of the little town of Hal in Brabant, while walking by the riverside, suddenly heard the sharp cry of a child. He looked round everywhere, but could see nothing, and thought he must have dreamt it. Suddenly a still more agonizing cry was heard, and walking hastily forward towards a turn in the road, he saw a little boy who had fallen into the river, and was striving in vain to reach the bank. Once more the poor child lifted up his little arms as if in despair and then suddenly sank and disappeared. Tearing off his coat, the young man dashed into the water and with some difficulty rescued the boy and, swimming to the bank, managed to drag him on shore. The child was still alive, and a workman who was passing by, and had seen the courageous action, gave the young merchant the name and address of the boy's parents and helped to carry home the unconscious child.

The poor mother, overcome with emotion and joy, did not know how to thank the young merchant enough for saving her darling, and rather timidly offered him a sum of money in return. But this the young merchant

indignantly declined, saying he had done nothing but his simple duty, for which no reward was needed; and only begged to dry his dripping clothes. While the mother was dressing the little boy she took off the little medal which was on his chest, and a sudden idea struck her. Turning to the young man, she said: "Sir, I feel that it was Our Lady who helped you to rescue my child; will you accept this little medal of the Blessed Virgin and wear it always in remembrance of this event, and say a 'Hail Mary' daily in her honour?"

The young man hesitated a little, for he had become rather indifferent as to his religion; but not liking to hurt the poor woman's feelings and with a remembrance of his own mother and her lessons when he was a child, he took the medal, hung it on his breast, and promised to say the "Hail Mary" daily as she wished.

Many years passed. The young merchant prospered in his worldly business and made many distant voyages to dispose of his goods. But he fell into bad company and very soon gave up all practice of his religion.

The child he had saved grew strong and well and made his studies at the Seminary of Malines. Then finding that he had a vocation for the priesthood and the religious life, he joined the Order of the Premonstratensians as a son of St. Norbert, and was clothed at the Abbey of Greinbergen. He had no sooner been professed than his missionary zeal induced him to entreat his superiors to allow him to devote himself to preaching the Gospel in foreign parts; but at first they refused, thinking he would be more useful at home. Then came a visitation of cholera,

and his devotion to the victims and total self-abnegation convinced the Father General that he had a decided vocation for the apostolic life. The long-wished-for permission was accordingly granted, and with one of his Brothers he left the Abbey to plant the Cross of Christ at the Cape of Good Hope.

He was sent to the north and laboured indefatigably in converting not only the natives but the Catholics, whom the loss of all spiritual help for many years had disposed to give up their religion, or who had relapsed into indifference and apathy.

One day, having had to return to the neighbourhood of Cape Town, the Father was sent for to attend to a Catholic gentleman, who had met with a bad accident and was supposed to be dying.

He hastened to the house and found a man in agonies of pain and evidently in a hopeless state; but in a still worse frame of mind, swearing and blaspheming. He spoke in Flemish, so that the good Father Desany knew he was a countryman and a Belgian. In every way in his power he tried to soothe and soften him, but in vain. The dying man twisted and turned himself in his bed, and would not listen to the words of the pious missionary.

All of a sudden something bright on his chest attracted the Father's attention. It was a medal of the Blessed Virgin. This gave him some hope.

"So you love Our Lady," he said softly to the dying man. "Where did you get that medal?"

"Leave me alone," groaned the sick man, though in a milder tone of voice. The priest repeated the ques-

tion, however, while examining the medal, on which was inscribed: "Our Lady of Hal, pray for us!"

"Well," said the dying man, "if you must know, more than twenty years ago I saved a little boy who was drowning in the neighbourhood of Hal, in Belgium; and his mother gave me this medal, with an entreaty that I would say a 'Hail Mary' every day, which I promised . . . and I have kept my promise!" he added.

The Father burst into tears and threw his arms round the sick man, while he said: "It is I, my son, yes, I am the little child whom you saved that day! Now I understand why it was that God sent me here: it was to save him who had saved me, and to give back to his soul that life which he had saved in my poor body!"

Whilst he was saying these heartfelt words, the whole expression of the sick man's face changed, he shuddered visibly and all of a sudden began to cry, murmuring: "O, I am sorry! I wish to change. I want to go to confession. O Lord, have mercy upon me!"

The priest heard the avowal of his faults, made with feelings of the most sincere repentance, and with heartfelt joy and thanks, raised his hand and pronounced the words of absolution.

Soon after, with a last look of gratitude to the priest, and with the words "Jesus, Mary, Mercy!" on his lips, the poor man expired, calmly and happily, while the good Father Desany threw himself on his knees before the mortal remains of him who had saved his

life, and whom he had succeeded in saving from an eternity of misery. "Mary, refuge of Sinners, pray for us!" was the heartfelt cry of his soul that day, mingled with earnest petitions for the pardon of the penitent, and of thankfulness for the opportunity which had been given to him of thus cancelling his debt of gratitude.

A NEW ENGLAND CONVERSION

BY J. G. ROBINS

"ANOTHER story of a conversion? The same old tale probably!" I seem to hear these words as I begin to write.

Then why tell it?

It is the hope that my experience may be helpful to others which induces me to relate how I became a Catholic, for I am questioned on all sides as to what led me to take this step. There are hosts of earnest men and women longing to find the truth, and I would gladly do anything in my power to help even one soul to discover the path which leads to light.

I was born and bred in Boston, in the centre of Unitarianism of the Conservative type, sometimes spoken of as Channing Unitarianism. This was the natural outcome of Puritanism; a revolt against all that was unlovely in that too rigid creed and practice. It was good, sterling stock, that old Puritan New England race, and no finer exponents of Unitarianism could be found. Their creed, however, did not remain stationary, but gradually a new school, or sect within the sect, began to develop, and Liberal or Radical Unitarianism came more and more to the front.

Soon after I became old enough to think for myself and to question the beliefs that I had inherited, I recognized the inconsistency of the Conservative school of Unitarianism. I had been brought up to believe that Christ was unlike any other human being who had ever lived; that He perhaps might have had pre-existence; that He was without sin, had performed miracles, that He rose from the dead; and yet—He was not God. I was told, however, that He was divine, and this point was made of great importance—understanding the word to mean partaking of the nature of God, in a way quite different from that of any other human being who had ever lived.

I remember distinctly the first blow which came to awaken me out of my security in this belief. The remark was made to me, "Christ was God, or Christ was man. He could not be divine, and yet not God; the terms contradict each other. There is not, and could not be, such a being neither God nor man." This statement came upon me like a sudden shock, but it seethed in my brain; I could not get away from it; and gradually my beliefs took shape, and I woke to the consciousness that I was an out-and-out Radical Unitarian. I was confident that Jesus Christ was not God; therefore He was man; and with that conclusion all belief in miracles or in anything supernatural in the Bible fell away.

As I look back it seems meagre diet on which to feed a human soul; yet I still had great reverence for the Bible as the most holy book ever written, and for the person of Christ, His perfect life, and His spiritual and moral teachings. In the present fulness of light, it is not easy to throw myself back into the old attitude, and I now wonder how I could have gleaned as much inspiration as I did from the reading of the Bible in those days.

I remember having a suspicion now and then that there was not, logically, enough motive power or authority for the highest religious life in the creed that I professed, and that probably much of our religious sentiment was due to a sort of inherited instinct from pious ancestors; but, on the whole, I was happy in my belief. I had such absolute faith in God's goodness and love, and in a future life untroubled by a thought of the existence of a devil or of hell, that it gave me a most comforting assurance that in the end all souls would get to heaven. I felt sure that beyond the grave there must be some punishment for sin, but also a chance to repent and grow better, till the purified soul would be ready to enter into the full bliss of heaven.

I found among Unitarians a very high moral standard and a strong sense of personal responsibility; for each man must live so as to save his own soul, as there was no belief in the redeeming power of Christ's blood.

Besides the lofty standards of morality and the great reverence for Christ's life as the model which we were bidden to strive to follow—and I remember thinking that it could only be an example to man, if He were man; for if God, how could any human being hope to walk in His footsteps?—there was a certain intellectual satisfaction. I found great solace in the thought that our beliefs were consistent with the proved facts of science, and that no supernatural religion could make good such a claim. This confidence was perhaps the one argument which kept me most firmly anchored to the Unitarian creed. I saw no reason to think that God had supernaturally revealed Himself; and as to a belief in the Trinity, I could not imagine how any logical mind could hold such a view. I was, in fact, so firmly fixed in my opinion that it was a contradiction in terms and could not be true, that I came very near being an illiberal "Liberal."

At one time I was much influenced by the preaching of one of the most "advanced" Unitarians, a man with uncommon gifts of oratory, with real love of God, and for his fellow-man, whom he was honestly trying to help onward and upward. This minister was deeply imbued with the Herbert Spencer school of philosophic thought, and popularized mental philosophy from the pulpit. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing, and this popularizing or cheapening of philosophy for the multitude is one of the most insidious means of sapping religious belief. It puffs up the listener with conceit, who becomes satisfied that he has solved the riddle of the universe, and that it is rather an easy affair after all. Such methods breed the most arrogant self-complacency; they kept me happy for years, for from any lofty height I looked down upon other creeds as hide-bound with the remnants of outgrown superstitions.

And yet all the time I clung to the beauty of the spiritual and moral truths in the Bible, and earnestly strove to live up to them. So convinced was I of being in the right, that I longed to call to others to come outside their barriers to breathe the fresh air.

Was I really at rest in my inmost heart? No; for I never considered these questions of religion as settled, and I read far and wide everything that seemed to promise me light—largely, however, the writings of the self-styled "advanced school" of thought. Now and then a suspicion did cross my mind that indifference to religion was the natural outcome of all this freedom. We of this generation had the advantage of the religious beliefs of those preceding us, but what would become of the next? The laxity about church-going did not trouble me. I considered that church services were a means, not an end. Some persons were helped by them, others were not; let the former then go to

church, and the latter stay away. There was another phrase which helped to smother any disquietude as to where we might be drifting; it was this: "In New England we have devout free thinking." True it is that in this part of our country there are many honest souls freely questioning religious beliefs, and in a reverent spirit; though I can hardly now consider their attitude *devout.*

Thus, with my intellectual conceit flattered by this fancy that our religious views were alone consistent with the proved facts of science, and fascinated by sermons preached on that basis by a man of talent, for whose character I had great respect, and with my soul nourished by spiritual truths taken from Holy Scripture—the supreme value of which I now know comes from their being based on supernatural authority)—I was cheerful and content.

Without premeditation, I took a step which eventually led me into the Catholic Church. *I questioned a Catholic as to his belief.*

Before going further, it may pertinently be asked if this was actually the first time that the claims of the Catholic Church had attracted my attention? and I must answer that it was not. Many years before, the power of the Church as the mightiest institution on earth had impressed me. I realized that I knew little about it, and that at least I ought to inform myself; so I asked questions of a few priests and other Catholics, and pondered a good deal over the matter at recurring intervals, but never went deep enough to get much light. I gained something, so that my newly-acquired interest in the Church was never wholly lost, but I was soon drawn back into my old beliefs after the most superficial acquaintance with Catholic doctrine—not enough to remove more than a surface prejudice against

an institution of which I was surprisingly and, as it seems to me now, culpably ignorant.

My short incursions into Catholic territory had not been wholly fruitless. I had learned a little—pitifully little, it is true—but I had gained a greater respect for Catholics and for their Church; yet I still cherished, with a jaunty confidence born of ignorance of the very foundations of their faith and nourished by a smattering of mere odds and ends of theology, an obstinate belief that their creed was outgrown in the light of modern research.

Just at this time, when I was feeling especially happy in my "liberal" views, I happened to meet a friend who, to my surprise, had become a convert to Catholicism two years before. I had had more than ordinary respect for his intellectual ability, so when the news came of his "going over to Rome," as the phrase is, my first feeling was one of keen disappointment in him, and I exclaimed, "How could he, of all men, have taken such a retrograde step?"

Many years had passed since our last meeting, when our paths came together once more. Almost my first words to him were: "So you have become a Catholic! Are you willing to tell me how this happened?" Looking searchingly at me, as if to read the motive of my question, he answered with great deliberation, "Yes—if you *really* wish to know."

In what condition of mind was I that day, when without warning came into my life the first marked human influence which put me on the path that in time led me into the Catholic Church? I was in the full enjoyment of a holiday time in Rome; I had not been harassed for two years or more by any special doubts about my own Unitarian standpoint, and was in fact in my most aggressively confident mood. Yet

I was honest, and it was in no flippant spirit that I put this momentous question. There was an element of curiosity in it, the desire to find out if any reasonable explanation could be given for what seemed inexplicable. I am sure, though, that it did not flash across my mind for a moment that his statement of the case could unsettle my views in the least; for was I not out in the open, as it were, with beliefs well in harmony with modern scientific thought? Still, it would be at least interesting to find out what had induced him to take this "retrograde" step.

That first talk lasted a long time, and now I can scarcely go back and put my finger on all the points of Catholic doctrine so clearly stated that day that the old sense of security in my belief was disturbed. From that hour I can date the beginning of the revolution which resulted ultimately in my becoming a Catholic; for though my progress was slow, and it was twenty-three months before I could say "I believe," and ask to be received into the Church, there was never any really backward step.

In trying to recall what one new point of view was so forcibly put before me that afternoon as to arouse me out of my old-time lethargy, I am sure that it was the explanation given to me of the grounds on which the Catholic Church bases her belief in the Real Presence of our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament of the Altar; that belief cherished by her as so unspeakably precious, as the very centre of her life. I was the farthest away possible from any understanding as to why the Catholic Church held this belief, and thus had a repugnance towards the doctrine, and that scorn which is often most tenaciously clung to when it springs from ignorance. I did, however, try to rid my mind of all prejudice as I listened; and to my amazement I saw at once the

strong logic in the reasoning brought forward in support of the Catholic doctrine which declares that our Saviour meant His words to be taken literally, while the Protestant looks upon them as used in a figurative sense.

In order to be perfectly fair in the matter, what ought one to do first, to get at the proper interpretation of Christ's words? Simply by going back in imagination to the time when they were spoken and joining the multitude, to discover there on the spot what He meant His words to convey, and how His hearers there present understood them.

In the narrative as given to us by St. John, in the sixth chapter of his Gospel,[1] it is easy to see that our Lord had been talking first about faith. Then there is a sudden change in His discourse at the 48th verse when He announces to His disciples: "I am that bread of life. Your fathers did eat manna in the wilderness, and are dead. This is the bread which cometh down from heaven: that a man may eat thereof and not die. I am the living bread, which came down from heaven. If any man eat of this bread, he shall live for ever: and the bread that I will give is My flesh, which I will give for the life of the world."

Did our Lord mean to use the word "eat" to express faith—that is, *to believe in?* The Jews believed in His corporal existence. There He was, standing before them in the flesh. There was no need to emphasize that. In what other sense figuratively could He have meant His words to be understood? The ordinary figurative meaning among the Jews of "eating another's flesh" was calumny; the expression "drinking another's blood" meant a great crime or a great curse from God. Therefore, for the crowd listening, the choice lay

[1] All Bible quotations are from the Authorized Version.

between the ordinary figurative meaning and the literal one. Could any one pretend to say that they chose the former? and is it probable that our Lord would have chosen an image especially revolting to His hearers?

What light is thrown on the subject by the behaviour of the Jews?

"They strove among themselves, saying: 'How can this man give us his flesh to eat?'" They were antagonized by the idea, just as the Protestant is to-day.

What was our Lord's invariable custom when He found Himself misunderstood? He explained at once the meaning of His words. There are many instances to prove this: as when He told Nicodemus that he must be "born again," and Nicodemus, taking His words in their literal sense, exclaimed, "How can a man be born when he is old?" and our Lord replied, "Except a man be born of water and of the Spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God"[1]—showing that He intended to be understood figuratively. On the other hand, when He said of the dead Lazarus, "Our friend sleepeth," and His hearers, taking Him literally, answered, "Lord, if he sleep, he will do well," at once Jesus said, "Lazarus is dead."

On this occasion, when the Jews were so disturbed at the expression "eating His flesh," did our Lord modify or explain away His words? No; far from it. He reiterated His statement with renewed force, prefacing it with the solemn words—a form of oath—"Verily, verily" (or in the Catholic version of the Bible, "Amen, amen"—the meaning being the same), "I say unto you, except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man and drink His blood, ye have no life in you: whoso eateth my flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life: and I will raise him up at the last day. For My flesh is meat

[1] St. John iii. 4.

indeed, and My blood is drink indeed: he that eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood dwelleth in Me, and I in him. As the living Father has sent Me, and I live by the Father: so he that eateth Me even he shall live by Me. This is that bread which came down from heaven; not as your fathers did eat manna, and are dead. He that eateth of this bread shall live for ever."

Is it to be supposed that Christ meant to speak figuratively when He told His hearers of the fearful penalty attached for non-compliance with His command?—"Except ye eat the flesh of the Son of Man, and drink His blood, *ye have no life in you*." The command has equal force with that when, in teaching the necessity of the sacrament of baptism, He said, "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved: but he that believeth not shall be damned."[1]

What was the effect of our Lord's words on the multitude? Did the people believe that He had taken back His words, or that He had spoken figuratively? What became of those who had so angrily muttered against this strange idea of eating His flesh? Did they accept it? Quite the reverse. They turned away in disgust, and "walked no more with Him." Did Christ even then call them back, seeing the effect of His words? *No! He let them go;* then turning to His twelve Apostles, asked sadly, "Will ye also go away?" and Simon Peter, the spokesman, instantly replied, "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life, and we believe and are sure that Thou art that Christ, the Son of the living God."

This explanation made a most powerful impression upon me; yet it was a long time before I was able to accept it, for my brain was so obscured by a tangle of

[1] Mark xvi. 16.

misconceptions of Catholic truth that it was impossible to clear them all away at once. I have no doubt, however, that my conversion to the faith dates from first hearing this explanation of the belief in the Real Presence. I could find no argument whatever against it, and the logic of it held such sway over me that it urged me on to further investigation of Catholic doctrine. The memorable scene at the Last Supper was a solemn reiteration of the same truth, when our Lord, taking a morsel of bread in His hand, said, "This is My body." [1]

During the six weeks that I remained in Rome I was eager in this new search for light, and determined to leave no means untried to get at the truth, while my friend was untiring in his efforts to help me. After those few weeks I never saw him again until I had been for nearly a year a Catholic, but he continued his assistance by letters. These letters and those of a Passionist monk, an American by birth, descent, and education, were my greatest outside helps, not only for sympathy and counsel, but in guidance as to what to read.

What I gained during my short stay in Rome was of prime importance. I became engrossed in my study of Catholic doctrine, which unfolded itself before my astonished gaze, so that at times there was almost the excitement of original discovery. The openness to investigation everywhere, and the logical explanation ready in answer to all puzzling questions, were perhaps what most surprised me. One bugbear after another disappeared. Where were the dark, secret corners which I had always pictured, into which no one was allowed to peep? I never could find them, though clinging for a long time to the belief that if I searched

[1] St. Matthew xxvi. 26; St. Mark xiv. 22; St. Luke xxii. 19.

enough, the warning barrier would be reached; but I have always looked in vain.

All that the Catholic Church asks for is a fair inquiry. Pour light into every nook and furthest cranny, and the more the investigator can see, the better pleased is the true Catholic; for the homely old adage holds good here, "Seeing is believing." A search honest enough to clear away all blinding prejudice is what brings converts into the Church.

There was a feeling of excitement during those weeks in Rome. How could it be otherwise? The scales were dropping from my eyes. I was beginning to see that I had been feeding myself largely all my life long on absolute misstatements of Catholic belief. The Catholic Church was not what I had thought it, but something so wholly different that my reverence increased in steady proportion to my knowledge.

People often assert that no one is brought into the Catholic Church by reading, and in one sense this is true, and in another very wide of the truth. It can be a very great help, and it was with me a very important part of the means of conversion. It is an excellent first step. As Cardinal Newman says, we must use our reason to examine the claims put forth by the Catholic Church; but just as human eyesight, no matter how perfect, is of no use without light to see by, so the human reason is helpless to grasp superhuman truth without the aid of supernatural light. Faith, then, is a special gift from God, but ready for all. "Ask and ye shall receive," and that promise rings true to all who ask in the right spirit. Prayer, constant prayer, intimate personal communion with God, is needed. If any human being truly opens his soul to God, and asks Him to write His message upon it, there is no possibility of a doubt that He will do so.

I returned to my own country in the late summer, and was singularly alone, never for sixteen months speaking to any Catholic on this subject which had become of such vital moment to me. I was shaken out of my old-time security. This mighty Catholic Church was confronting me with her claim of being the very Church that Christ had planted on earth, and given into the charge of St. Peter. Was it so? I would at least find out what the Holy Scriptures had to tell me on the subject. I would read Christ's words afresh, as if I had never read them before, trying to forget all preconceived notions. I would do my best to get acquainted with St. Peter, St. John, and St. Paul, as living personalities, and see what they had to say about it. In this study of the Bible, alone and unaided, but read in this spirit, as if it were a new book, light began to stream in upon me. I soon saw that my old way of reading the Bible had been with distinct ideas beforehand as to what I should find there. The puzzling texts and apparent contradictions I had always forced to fit in with *my* conception of what God must be, as *my* ideal of perfect goodness. Truly such a standard by which to test divine truth is much like making God in man's image.

Merely studying the Bible from this fresh point of view made it come home to me with the force of a new revelation. The claims that Christ advanced definitely for Himself and that His disciples made for Him, had little in common with the old Unitarian basis of belief. He claimed to be God. His words come crowding to my mind; it is hard to decide which among the many to choose. How vivid that wonderful scene when Christ had told His followers that they had "seen the Father." Philip asks his Master, "Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us."[1] Could such an extraordinary

[1] St. John xiv. 7–9.

request have ever been made to a merely human creature? But the answer, instead of a rebuke for his effrontery, is a gentle reproach that he could have ever doubted; for with a tone of disappointment, our Lord answered, and those glorious words ring out as clearly now as they did nearly nineteen hundred years ago: "Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known Me, Philip? He that hath seen Me hath seen the Father; and how sayest thou then, 'Show us the Father.'"

Just one scene more—that memorable one—when to the taunts of the Jews, Jesus replied: "Verily, verily, I say unto you, before Abraham was, *I am*."[1] Those two words of three letters were not those in every-day use, but were the sacred words by which the believing Jew named Jehovah, whom he was not so much as permitted to mention otherwise. What is the meaning of our Lord's words? How can one help exclaiming, with doubting Thomas, "My Lord and my God?" "Blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed."[2]

After trying to become acquainted with those who had actually sat at our Lord's feet, and with St. Paul, so close to that time—my next interest was to learn about the early Church, to find out if at the beginning the Christian Church and the Catholic Church were identical. What do we learn from Polycarp, who studied with St. John? and what does Irenæus, his pupil, tell us, who reports from his teacher's lips the words which he had "heard John and the others say?" Everything that I could glean of this early Church proved to me that it was the Catholic Church from the beginning. This is not only a matter of history but is written in stone throughout the Catacombs.

When once I grasped this idea that our Lord had

[1] St. John xx. 28. [2] Ibid. viii. 58.

founded a Church, and that He had promised to be with it to the end of the world, the victory was largely won. Every inquiry that I made went to prove that in the Catholic Church alone was His divine promise fulfilled. I worked away for months together, over one point and another, often questions of minor importance or matters of discipline. The confessional, for instance, was for a long time my chief stumbling-block ; but when once I made up my mind that our Lord's Church was the Catholic Church from the beginning, even though it took some months before I could come meekly as a little child to our Lord's feet to be taught, I was then well on the right road.

What on earth can compare with the peace of soul when a human being can say, in all humility, with St. Augustine, "Intellige ut credas verbum meum ; sed crede ut intelligas verbum Dei?"—"Understand what I say, that you may believe it ; believe what God says, that you may understand it."

The infallibility of the Pope was never a difficulty to me, but seemed the natural outcome of our Lord's promise. How could His Church be unfailingly guided by His Divine Presence unless there was a mouth-piece whose words human ears could hear? As in all civil governments, an ultimate tribunal is needed to prevent hopeless confusion (as, for example, in the United States a Supreme Court to interpret the Constitution), so, if a Church has a Divine Founder, it must be able to understand beyond the possibility of difference of opinion what that Divine Head orders.

In what Church alone is found unity? The answer can only be: in the Catholic Church.

Then what did my old plea of private judgement amount to? Nothing at all! I soon realized that. Not only does individual interpretation of the Bible

cause these hundreds of sects, but it is a fallacy in itself. It would reduce believers to the comparatively few who are scholars and able to read Hebrew, Greek, and Latin. Is truth, then, only for the learned? How about the vast majority of people? How could they save their souls? They must apply to somebody for an interpretation of the Bible. What Church on earth offers the best credentials?

The Protestant sects refer to the Bible as their sole rule of faith. What is the effect of the private, individual interpretation of the Bible? In England alone more than two hundred differing sects, each pointing triumphantly to the Bible, and saying, on *that* they found their faith. What did St. Peter mean when he said of St. Paul's Epistles "in which are some things hard to be understood, which they that are unlearned and unstable wrest, as they do also the other Scriptures, unto their own destruction?"[1] Even more emphatic is his own declaration: "No prophecy of the Scripture is of any private interpretation. For the prophecy came not in old time by the will of man; but holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost."[2]

If the "holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost," what is man to-day that he dares to challenge their inspired words? Was there ever greater presumption? If the Holy Ghost is in His Church, He will be to the end of time as our Lord Himself promised. What has man to do but listen to His voice and obey?

Protestants talk of the Bible as the sole rule of faith. The Roman Catholic Church teaches great reverence for the Holy Scriptures, and encourages the reading of the New Testament and much of the Old, and weaves into her myriads of devotions the most important

[1] 2 Peter iii. 16. [2] Ibid. i. 20, 21.

portions of the sacred text, so that there is the most intimate living knowledge of the Bible among her children; yet there is no cry with her of "The Bible *alone*." What was the Christian Church living on before the Bible was written? Our Lord commanded His Apostles to go forth and teach, and to ordain others to do the same; and ever since His command has been obeyed, and the priesthood of our Lord's Church has been a teaching body. How was it possible for the Bible to be read generally before the mass of the people knew how to read, and before printing was invented? Also, who that studies the Bible attentively can for a moment believe that within those covers is enclosed *all* Christian truth? It is a partial record. This is not only stated plainly, but is constantly inferred. The Epistles are written to certain individuals or bodies of men, in part for special needs of the time, and on the assumption that the religion of the Founder of their Church, Christ our Lord, was taught; and St. John declares, as we all know, that "there are also many other things which Jesus did, the which, if they should be written every one, I suppose that even the world itself could not contain the books that should be written."[1]

Working gradually up the centuries, after satisfying myself that the Catholic Church was our Lord's own Church from the beginning, the time of the so-called Reformation was reached. Some abuses had no doubt crept into the Church, but a renegade monk who had broken one vow after another, and persuaded others to do the same, was not the one called for to bring about reforms. Reformation is not destruction. Luther's plan of reforming the Church was to kill it.

In God's own appointed time the necessary means for

[1] St. John xxi. 25.

reforming *from within* were provided, and loyally and effectually carried out. Who that knows anything of the history of the Council of Trent, in session for eighteen years, can fail to acknowledge this?

Step by step, irregular though they often were, I had worked my way along to Christmas-time, twenty months from that day in Rome when I was first awakened out of my old sense of security in my belief, and the point was reached when I could find no argument against the claims of the Catholic Church; and yet I had come to a standstill. It seemed to me that I was no nearer believing; yet I had begun *to long to believe*. Suddenly the thought struck me, "Why do I never go to church?" So on this Christmas day I went to Mass. I had no prayer-book, and could not follow the service intelligently, and I came away discouraged. The next day I told a Catholic friend of my difficulties, and from that time the way was made easy for me. She gave me a manual of prayers, and I never missed my Sunday Mass with her. My heart was crying out more and more for faith. Why could I not believe? My head was satisfied, but my heart seemed like a stone. A priest suggested my making an act of faith, but I always prefaced the "O my God, I firmly believe," with—"I wish that I could truly say."

I asked another priest if it would help me to genuflect before the Blessed Sacrament when I could not yet say actually that I believed that our Lord was there; and he advised against it, and that was consonant with my own feeling of what was sincere.

Thus I went struggling along for three months more, pouring out my heart in prayer for faith. I was often sad and discouraged, wondering if I should never be able to believe. It was a time of keen suffering, but, I now realize, of most salutary discipline. For how many

years had I not been completely satisfied with my own conception of divine truth? The blessed day was coming when I was to be thoroughly humbled, when I should kneel at our Lord's feet and ask Him to show me the way. I thought that I was asking Him then, but I was not as yet humble enough. God alone knew just how long I must kneel there pleading, imploring to see, before He would give me the light.

Passion Week arrived, and I was asked to hear a Jesuit priest preach at a convent. I was so ignorant of Catholic ways that I did not even know that it was called a Retreat; but most gratefully I accepted this opportunity offered. What those days meant to me it is not possible to express fully. Most attentively I listened, hanging upon every word. I followed with deepest interest the services in the chapel. On the Thursday, with no especial warning, the full illumination came. My soul responded, and I knew that I believed. The next day made me only the more sure; and when on Saturday I went to early Mass, and every one in the chapel received our living Lord in Holy Communion, and I was left alone, the tears streamed from my eyes. I was desolate indeed. Never shall I forget the pain of it. How long must I remain outside? I wanted to be taken in at once. I knew that I was a Catholic at heart, and I did not wish to run the chance of dying outside the Church.

Palm Sunday came, and with what new significance! and then Holy Week—my first Holy Week in truth. How eagerly I drank in new life, as if I had been thirsting and unsatisfied always. Seven weeks I was under instruction and carefully tested, and every day Catholic truth unfolded before me with greater force.

Although I was happy as never before during those weeks, yet none the less was that testing-time painful. In

my own heart I had taken the step and I was a Catholic, and I am sure that there is a special protecting grace over one at such a time, for it is certainly a period of weakness in comparison to the strength which can only come through the sacraments of the Church.

No one but a convert can ever grasp adequately what it means *to have been without the Sacraments and then to have them;* the contrast is far greater than that of a ship at the mercy of the winds and waves, anchorless and rudderless, and one with all sails set following unswervingly her desired course. The light of faith is there which shows the way; but one is not in port.

I was quite prepared not to be conscious *at the time* of the full significance of each of the great sacraments of the Church, for I had been wisely warned not to expect *to feel* on these momentous occasions, though to some persons God in His infinite mercy grants at such times great consolation; but never can I forget the peace and calm which were mine on that day when for the first time I could truly say, "I am a Catholic," or the superhuman joy, the consciousness that at last I was safe within God's own fold.

Three years have gone by since I made my profession of faith, and it has been so ever since, with the new strength and sense of absolute *sureness* which came to me on the day of my Confirmation. This it is which enables me to say, not as in the old days, "I *think* this and that"; but "now *I know*," for I have found truth at last.

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JOHN FOXE

AND HIS

"BOOK OF MARTYRS"

By the Rev. JOHN GERARD, S.J.

Beyond all question nothing has so effectually set the minds and hearts of Englishmen against the religion professed by their forefathers for nigh a thousand years as the memory of the "Smithfield Fires," and of the victims who perished in them for the Protestant cause. It is no less certain that there is no page of our history which Catholics would more gladly obliterate than that which records the "series of miserable executions and burnings,"[1] whereby the Government of Mary Tudor endeavoured to stamp out heresy and restore England to the unity of the Church. Pleas, it is true, are urged by writers against whom the charge of partizanship cannot lie, to palliate the conduct of those who employed such means for such an end. It is said, and with truth, that if she persecuted, Queen Mary did but follow the universal fashion of her times, in which every party alike did the same when it had the power; that

[1] *Short History of the Catholic Church in England*, by Abbot Gasquet, p. 100.

her own sister, Elizabeth, afterwards turned the same weapon relentlessly against the Catholics; that a larger number of Catholics were executed in her reign than of Protestants under her predecessor, suffering a death no less cruel under the quartering-knife of the executioner; that several, especially among the more conspicuous of the Marian victims, had committed themselves to overt acts of rebellion against the reigning sovereign far more gross than were even alleged against Elizabeth's victims, who, though branded with the name of traitors, were convicted only of being priests, or harbouring them, or saying Mass, or reconciling persons to the Catholic Church; that, finally, politics were so interwoven with the religion of the Reformers, and the whole body of their adherents so seditious, as to compel their antagonists to employ force in self-defence. But, all such pleas notwithstanding, and however undeniable their truth may be, the fact that so many persons were put to death in the name of religion is to us no less horrible than it was to Alfonso à Castro, the Spanish Friar, who, from the pulpit, denounced the rising persecution in presence of Queen Mary and her consort, King Philip, declaring such proceedings to be contrary not to the spirit only but to the letter of the Gospel, as it was by mildness, not severity, that men should be brought into the fold of Christ. Nor can it affect this our judgement of the matter that the more vehement of our accusers on this head are inclined to make no such acknowledgement in regard of cases in which their own friends were the persecutors and Catholics the sufferers.[1]

[1] "A certain reaction has set in against a kind of cant that Macaulay did much to make popular, according to which the statutes of Elizabeth against Roman Catholic nonconformity are no mean counterpoise to the enormities of papal rule under Queen Mary" (*The Programme of the Jesuits*, by W. Blair Neatby, M.A. (1903), p. 80).

But if the tale of Marian cruelty has so profoundly affected the popular mind as to become almost an element of our national life, such a result is mainly due to the form in which the tale has been told, and to the pains that have been taken to make this one particular version familiar to all classes of men by securing a monopoly for it with which no other could possibly compete.

It is from the *Acts and Monuments* of John Foxe,[1] commonly called the *Book of Martyrs*, that information upon the subject has, for three centuries, been universally drawn; a work not only remarkable in itself, but publicly invested with an authority which might almost compare with that of the Bible and Prayer Book. On the 3rd of April, 1571, the Convocation of the Church of England resolved that copies of the book should be placed in cathedral churches and in the houses of archbishops, bishops, deans, and archdeacons; and although this resolution, being unconfirmed by Parliament, never obtained legal force, it was speedily adopted throughout the country on a still more extensive scale, copies being provided in many parish churches for the public benefit—of which a few specimens probably still survive in nooks and corners of the land—chained to a desk near the porch of the church. Being thus thrust upon the notice of all, the book could not fail to make a great impression upon the popular imagination. Its style is simple, direct, and vigorous, and in more than two thousand folio pages is printed an almost inexhaustible store of picturesque narratives such as the people love, detailing the savage fury of the persecutors and the meek heroism of the

[1] This form of the name is so generally adopted in his case as to have acquired a sort of prescriptive title, although authorities so weighty as Dr. Maitland and the British Museum Librarians decide in favour of "Fox."

persecuted; while for those who could not read, an abundance of large woodcuts depicted men and women lifting hands and eyes to heaven amidst faggots and flames, or meekly enduring other horrible tortures at the hands of pitiless papists.[1] The clergy, moreover, frequently based their discourses upon some incident in these narratives, or read a portion from the pulpit as from a sacred book, and thus it naturally came to pass that "with the Puritan clergy, and in almost all English households where Puritanism prevailed, Foxe's 'Actes' was long the sole authority for Church history, and an armoury of arguments in defence of Protestantism against Catholicism."[2]

Is it not clear that in the case of an author invested with authority so extraordinary and unique, one quality at least should imperatively be demanded in fullest measure—namely, absolute honesty and veracity, and that, if this be lacking, no other can possibly supply its place? Can it be supposed that eloquence, earnestness, or graphic power will invest a tale with historical value, unless the tale itself be true? Yet, although, as will be seen, it is impossible to pretend that the writings of Foxe have any claim whatever to the character which alone could justify the position assigned them, so secure has that position become through long prescription, that a strange reluctance is manifested even by men of high standing, and from whom we might expect better things, to depose him from the place he has so long occupied. It is certainly startling to find such an authority as Mr. J. R. Green writing thus:[3]

[1] One illustration frequently serves for many different martyrdoms.

[2] Mr. Sidney Lee in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "John Foxe."

[3] *History of the English People*, authorities for Book VI. (vol. ii. p. 195); the italics are mine.

> "In spite of countless errors, of Puritan prejudices, and some deliberate suppressions of truth, its mass of *facts* and *wonderful charm of style* will always give importance to the 'Acts and Monuments' or 'Book of Martyrs' of John Foxe, as a record of the Marian persecution."

When historians of good name can write thus, it is scarcely wonderful that amongst multitudes of plainer folk the name of Foxe should still be one to conjure with, and that "facts" (unless otherwise disproved) should be held to be sufficiently established by being referred to his authority. Yet no vast extent of research is required to disclose the true character of the man and of his work.

No sooner had the book appeared, in 1563, than its statements were vehemently challenged by Catholic writers led by Alan Cope (or rather Nicholas Harpsfield), in his *Dialogi Sex* (published 1566), and followed, amongst others, notably by the Jesuit, Father Parsons, who, in his *Three Conversions of England*, subjected the book to criticism in detail.[1] How notorious and sweeping were the charges brought against him, we have the witness of Foxe himself, who, in his second edition, plaintively protested against the unfairness of those who, "as though there were no histories else in all the world corrupted, but only this story of Acts and Monuments, with tragical voices exclaim and wonder upon it, sparing no cost of hyperbolical phrases, to make it appear as full of lies as lines."[2]

The charges thus brought were manifold. Foxe, it

[1] "He that will consider the proportion of John Foxe's book of *Acts and Monuments* in the later edition, will find it the greatest perhaps in volume that was ever put forth in our English tongue, and the falsest in substance, without perhaps, that was ever published in any tongue" (*Three Conversions*, pt. ii. c. ii. n. 1).

[2] *The Epistle Dedicatorie to the Queenes Majestie*, Ed. 1570.

was said, wrote not as an historian, but as an unscrupulous partizan; he altogether misrepresented and caricatured the doctrines of those whom he wished to discredit—not Catholics only, but Protestants as well who were not, like himself, Puritans; he counted every one as a martyr who was put to death by Catholics for any cause, even malefactors upon whom the law was righteously exercised, and reckoned all as members of the Church of God who repudiated the Pope, even though they repudiated Christ as well, and who would have been sent to the stake by the reformers themselves had they been in power; he was so credulous and dishonest as to relate the martyrdoms of many who were alive when he wrote, or judgements of Heaven on their persecutors which had no foundation in fact. How freely accusations of this kind were brought against the Martyrologist we have the evidence of his admirer and apologist Fuller, who, after extolling the merits of his work, goes on to complain, "All this will not content some morose cavillers, whom I have heard jeeringly say, that many who were burnt in Fox in the reign of Queen Mary, drank sack in the reign of Queen Elizabeth."[1]

In such circumstances it behoves all who value historical truth to ask what is to be said concerning charges so grave brought against an author who has so long held the public ear. What, therefore, is to be thought of this famous Martyrology? And what manner of man was the Martyrologist himself?

Commencing with the latter of these questions, we find information abundantly supplied by Foxe himself and the undisputed features of his life and writings. He belonged, as we have already heard, to the Puritan party or faction, and he was, moreover, one of its most extreme specimens, so thoroughly possessed by its spirit

[1] *Worthies of England*, p. 92, Ed. 1662.

as to be satisfied with any evidence, or rather to require none, against those whose doctrines were antagonistic to his own — most especially against the abhorred Romanists. He was thus able, as we gather from his own admission, to convince himself of the rights and the wrongs of any incident, on the simple and easy principle that whoever resisted the power that he hated was on the side of the angels, and must have been possessed of every virtue; whilst those who assailed such a one must have been monsters of inquity, capable of any enormity. Thus, as Mr. Gairdner points out,[1] Foxe, on his own showing, calmly suppresses as obviously untrue evidence which proves those arraigned before Catholic prelates to have been prosecuted for mere blasphemy; and as Dr. Maitland demonstrates [2] in several instances he lauds as faithful champions of the truth men who according to his story and their own endeavoured to deceive their judges with every species of falsehood. As Maitland observes, this throws much light upon Foxe's own attitude in regard of truth, when it conflicted with the interests of what he considered the good cause.[3]

We can also learn from his own admissions that he felt himself absolved from the necessity of laboriously

[1] *History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 56.

[2] *Essays on the Reformation*, 1 and 2.

[3] "There is something very frank (one is almost inclined to say honest) in the avowals, either direct or indirect, which various Puritans have left on record, that it was considered not only allowable, but meritorious, to tell lies for the sake of the good cause in which they were engaged, and for the benefit of those who were fellow-helpers in it. . . . The distinction which Fox must have made in his own mind, and expected to be made by his readers, between *truth* and *the truth*, must be kept in mind during this inquiry; and it may be feared that it was not peculiar to him, or to his times, but that it characterized the party to which he belonged, and survived the age in which he lived" (Maitland, *op. cit.*, pp. 1 and 28, Ed. 1849).

verifying statements of whose truth he was otherwise convinced. Thus he wrote in reply to the criticisms of Alan Cope:[1]

> "I grant that in a laboured story, such as you seem to require, containing such infinite variety of matter as this doth, much more time would be required: but such time as I had, that I did bestow, if not so laboriously as others could, yet as diligently as I might. But here partly I hear what you will say: I should have taken more leisure, and done it better. I grant and confess my fault, such is my vice, I cannot sit all the day (Maister Cope) fining and mincing my letters, and combing my head, and smoothing myself all the day at the glass of Cicero. Yet notwithstanding, doing what I can, and doing my good will, methinks I should not be reprehended, at least not so much be railed of at M. Cope's hand."

Sometimes, when Foxe *did* profess to have recourse to original sources, his methods do not show to much greater advantage. As Mr. Sidney Lee tells us:[2]

> "It has been conclusively shown that his chapter on the Waldenses is directly translated from the *Catalogus* of Illyricus, although Illyricus is not mentioned by Foxe among the authorities whom he acknowledges to have consulted. Foxe claims to have consulted 'parchment documents' on the subject, whereas he only knew them in the text of Illyricus's book. This indicates a loose notion of literary morality which justifies some of the harshest judgements passed on Foxe."

[1] *Acts and Monuments*, i. p. 691, Ed. 1570.
[2] *Dictionary of National Biography*, "Foxe."

It is also instructive to learn that so sound a Protestant as Grindal—afterwards successively Bishop of London and Archbishop of York and Canterbury—who furnished Foxe with many of his materials for the Martyrology, was by no means satisfied with much of the evidence they afforded, and urged upon his friend counsels of caution, which the other appears to have considered quite superfluous. As Strype tells us:[1]

> "Many accounts of the acts of the godly men under Queen Mary came from time to time into Grindal's hands. . . . And as they came to his hand, he conveyed them to Fox. Nor did he only do this, but withal frequently gave Fox his thoughts concerning them, and his instructions and counsels about them; always showing a most tender regard to truth; and suspending upon common reports and relations brought over, till more satisfactory evidence came from good hands. And because a complete account of all particulars of those that suffered in that sharp persecution could not so soon be procured, he advised Fox for the present to print separately the acts of some particular men of whom any sure and authentic relations came to hand."

As has already been said and will further appear, Foxe extended his hostility to that section of his own communion which in doctrine or ritual was "higher" than his own, and when the proceedings of his ecclesiastical superiors were distasteful to him, he manifested his disapproval by his conduct. Receiving a prebend in Salisbury Cathedral (1563), he presently declined to conform to the regulations which enjoined the wearing of the surplice—to which he was violently

[1] *Life of Grindal*, p. 25, Ed. 1821.

opposed; neither would he attend regularly to his duties, nor devote a tithe of his income to the repairs of the cathedral, nor present himself at Jewell's visitation of 1568, and in consequence of such behaviour he was pronounced contumacious. At a later period (1572) he was similarly installed at Durham, but resigned his prebend within a year, rather than wear the surplice.

But undoubtedly his chief antipathy was the papists, in whose regard he was ready to go farther than with others. In 1575 he laboured earnestly, though in vain, on behalf of two Dutch Anabaptists condemned by the Government of Queen Elizabeth to be burnt as heretics; but four years earlier he had taken a leading part in endeavouring to pass into law Cranmer's abortive *Reformatio Legum*, which would have extended to adherents of the ancient Faith holding the doctrines of Transubstantiation, Papal Supremacy, or the necessity of good works, the same horrible punishment which he so fiercely denounced for its inhumanity when inflicted on any one else.[1]

We can thus understand what manner of man he was who wrote this famous Martyrology, and few will think that the qualities we find in him are such as we are accustomed to desire in an historian. Foxe was evidently a zealot of a very extreme type, for whom any stone was good enough to throw at those whom he set down as the enemies of Heaven, having convinced himself that it was the Spirit of God which inspired him, and not only justified but sanctified whatever might damage and discredit so accursed a race.[2] But apart from the

[1] Cf. Strype, *Annals*, sub. an. 1571, and Lingard, *History*, vol. v. c. vi.

[2] "It seemeth that he came to persuade himself in conscience, that supposing (as he did) that the Protestant or Puritan profession of England was the only true Religion, he might say or write anything in furtherance thereof, without scruple of conscience, whether it were indeed true or false. And that this was his persua-

narrow fanaticism of his sect and its demoralizing influence, there is much in his character to invite sympathy and even respect. He was not only extremely laborious, but unselfish and unambitious. He lived a poor and hard life rather than compromise what he held for principles; he was less bloodthirsty towards opponents—papists alone excepted—than the greater number of his contemporaries; he felt for the poor and afflicted, and gave practical expression to his sentiments not only by a powerful appeal on behalf of the plague-stricken (1564), but by spending much time in assisting them.

But such qualities, however they may affect our opinion of the man, have no bearing upon his credit as an historian, with which alone we are now concerned. This must be judged solely by the merits or demerits of his great work, which has now to be examined.

As we have already seen, the *Book of Martyrs* was, on its appearance, denounced by Catholic writers as utterly untruthful and replete with every species of dishonesty,

sion I am induced to believe rather (as I have said) for his excuse than commendation. For that otherwise, if he had not had that opinion, I can hardly think so evil of any man christened, as that he would recount so many false things, as Fox does, against his own conscience. For truly to speak as I think, after I had read over the whole work with some attention, and to speak without all exaggeration or passion, as one that doth heartily pity the man's case, and must follow him out of this world ere it be long (though I hope to another place) I do not think there be many stories in this whole volume (though so huge and vast as you see) but that one way or other, if they belong to matters of controversy, he corrupteth or falsifyeth some part thereof, either in the beginning, ending, entrance, going forth, matter, manner of handling, or some other kind of adulteration; and yet doth he use everywhere such holy protestations of piety, as never perhaps any author before or after him. . . . And for that commonly soon after these godly protestations, you shall find him in divers falsehoods, falsifications, deceits, and shifts, I am rather induced to think that he esteemeth this manner of dealing lawful in so good a cause, as he presumed his own to be, than that he did it expressly against his conscience and judgement" (Parsons, *Three Conversions*, part iii. c. 18 n. 4).

and Father Parsons in particular was at great pains to demonstrate its real character. But although his style may claim merits not inferior to those of Foxe's own,[1] it is hardly probable that Parsons will on that account be accepted as a good witness by those who are satisfied to believe Foxe because they find that he writes charmingly. It will accordingly be necessary to confine ourselves to the evidence of non-Catholic writers.

It is clear, in the first place, that, as Mr. Gairdner says,[2] "Various, indeed, were the human materials out of which Foxe manufactured martyrs." He seems in fact to have persuaded first himself, and afterwards many others, "that whoever was punished by a papist was a true lover of the Gospel";[3] so that Collier thinks it necessary to caution the reader "against believing too fast," adding that "we ought carefully to distinguish between martyrdom and treason, and not to be over fond of the memory of those who suffered for a practice against the State."[4]

As a sample of the men whom Foxe was prepared to canonize we may begin with Thomas Cromwell, Earl of Essex, the minister and tool of Henry VIII., and undoubtedly one of the least reputable figures in our history. But he had the supreme and saving merit of having suppressed monasteries and hanged monks, and accordingly—though he was likewise responsible for the burning of "martyrs"—Foxe spoke of him as "this valiant soldier and captain of Christ, most studious in a flagrant zeal to set forward the truth of the Gospel,"[5]

[1] "His English is commended by Swift (*Tatler*, No. 230) as a model of simplicity and clearness" (*Dictionary of National Biography*, art. "Robert Parsons," by T. G. Law).

[2] *History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century*, p. 129 n.

[3] Maitland, *Essays on the Reformation*, p. 21, Ed. 1849.

[4] *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, iii. 326, Ed. 1852.

[5] *Acts and Monuments*, 1st Edition (1563), p. 598; replaced in Edition of 1846, vol. v. p. 403. See Maitland, *Essays*, &c., p. 236.

and composed for him a highly eulogistic biography, of which such a judge as Dean Hook declares,[1] "The life of Cromwell from the pen of Foxe is found, upon investigation, to be little better than a romance."

Foxe does not go so far as to say that Cromwell was actually a "martyr," but inasmuch as he died a violent death, his claim to the title is about as good as that of many upon whom it is bestowed. Thus Mr. Gairdner tells us[2] that in the time of Henry VIII.—

> "Besides heretics burned, Foxe mentions three men hanged in chains for burning the Rood of Dovercourt—an exploit to which he says, 'they were moved by the spirit of God'—and also a kinsman of his own, John Randall, who, even from his account, evidently either was murdered or hanged himself. And Alan Cope, soon after the publication of Foxe's book, had no difficulty in showing the latter to have been the case (*Dialogi Sex*, 550, Ed. 1573)."

Of those who actually suffered death during what may be styled the Catholic persecution in Henry's time—that is, in the five years 1528–1532, who amounted to six in all—we find that five of them at one time or other abjured their heresy, and that two died professing the Catholic faith.[3] In regard of two of them, Tewkesbury and Bainham, Foxe, in his first edition, told exactly the same story of savage cruelties practised upon them by Sir Thomas More. In subsequent editions, says Mr. Gairdner, "he had the grace to omit it" so far as Tewkesbury was concerned, though retaining it for Bainham. "It seems," Mr. Gairdner continues, "to be the same

[1] *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vi. 119.
[2] *Op. cit.*, p. 128 n. [3] Gairdner, pp. 129–133.

legend in both cases; and suppressed as it was in the case of Tewkesbury, we may be sure that it was equally untrue in that of Bainham. Indeed, we might suspect its falsehood from Foxe's own statement. . . . The story is in fact one of those malicious lies which began to be circulated about More even in his own days, and which More himself expressly denounces as such in one passage in his writings. But Foxe was above all things credulous, and accepted with little difficulty every idle tale to the discredit of the old religion."[1]

It is, of course, impossible to dispose in the same manner of those who suffered at a later period. As has already been fully acknowledged, we have no word to say for the wretched policy which sent men to the stake on account of their religious opinions; and many, doubtless, of those who perished were no less sincerely persuaded than Foxe himself of the righteousness of the cause for which they died, and he composed "history." But can we, like Mr. Green, regard his history as a serious authority, or suppose that those whom we find in his roll of martyrs are therefore proved to have been punished solely for their religious belief? What we know concerning some of his instances cannot but make us hesitate before implicitly trusting such a guide in other cases.

We read, for example,[2] of "William Gardiner, an Englishman, suffering most constantly in Portyngale for the testimony of God's truth," who was, we are assured, "comparable with the martyrs of the primitive Church," and taught "a lesson to the Portugales," for which they should have been thankful. The manner of it was this. On occasion of a royal wedding at Lisbon, the King and Court being present in the Cathedral at High Mass,

[1] Gairdner, p. 131.
[2] *Acts and Monuments*, ii. 1541 *seq.*, Ed. 1570.

Gardiner, rushing to the altar, snatched the Host from the officiating Cardinal, trampling it under his feet, and overturning the chalice. It is true that he was therefore burnt, but it can scarcely be said that his religious convictions were his sole offence. What would have happened in England in the days of Queen Elizabeth had a papist, or even an Anabaptist, "worked such a feat" in a Protestant church?

An outrage of a still more determined kind was perpetrated in England, on Easter Sunday, 1555, in St. Margaret's Church, Westminster, by one William Flower, otherwise Branch, who with a knife assaulted a priest giving communion to the people, wounding him in the head, arm, and hand, so that the consecrated Hosts he carried were sprinkled with his blood. Flower suffered in consequence, like Gardiner, and is ranked by Foxe as a martyr, a "constant witness and faithful servant of God."[1]

These are, it is true, extreme examples, but considering how our Martyrologist approved and panegyrized them, we can have no assurance that similar manifestations were not the true cause of the punishment of others also. That the same spirit was widely prevalent in the reforming party we are assured by Dr. Maitland, who, discussing the causes that kindled the Marian persecution and having enumerated those commonly assigned, thus continues:[2]

> "There was undoubtedly one other cause; which if it be too much to say that it has been studiously concealed or disguised, has certainly never occupied that prominent place to which it is entitled in such an inquiry. I mean the bitter and provoking spirit of some of those who were very

[1] *Acts and Monuments*, ii. 1749. [2] *Essays*, &c., p. 41.

> active and forward in promoting the progress of the Reformation in the political opinions they held and the language in which they disseminated them—the fierce personal attacks they made on those whom they considered as enemies—and, to say the least, the little care which was taken by those who were really actuated by religious motives, and seeking a true reformation of the Church, to shake off a lewd, ungodly, profane rabble, who joined the cause of Protestantism, thinking it in their depraved imaginations, and hoping to make it by their wicked devices, the cause of liberty against law, of the poor against the rich, of the laity against the clergy, of the people against their rulers."

Of what Foxe was capable in the way of actual fiction one notorious example must suffice. A favourite topic with him was that of the manifest judgements inflicted by God upon those who took an active part in the persecution. Thus he tells a tale concerning the death of Bishop Gardiner, Queen Mary's Chancellor, pithily described as "his stinking end,"[1] which, on the face of it, is absurd and impossible.[2] So again he narrates[3] how the Catholic bishop, Henry Morgan, having in Queen Mary's days been intruded into the see of the "blessed martyr, Bishop Ferrar," was afterwards stricken with a painful and disgusting malady most horrible to behold, which afflicted him to the day of his death. Commenting upon this story, Anthony à Wood, after

[1] *Acts and Monuments*, ii. 2300.

[2] "Foxe confessed that his story of Bishop Gardiner's death was derived from hearsay, but it is full of preposterous errors, some of which Foxe's personal knowledge must have enabled him to correct" (*Dict. Nat. Biog.*).

[3] *Acts and Monuments* (Townsend's ed., 1849), viii. 629.

showing[1] that all the evidence he could obtain confuted it, goes on to express his opinion that—

> Whether there be anything of truth in it may be justly doubted, and especially for this reason, that in the very same chapter and leaf containing the severe punishment upon persecutors of God's people, he [Foxe] hath committed a most egregious falsity in reporting that one Grimwood,[2] of Higham in Suffolk, died in a miserable manner for swearing and bearing false witness against one John Cooper, a carpenter, of Watsam, in the same county, for which he lost his life. The miserable death of Grimwood was, as J. Fox saith, thus: that when he was in his labour stacking up a goffe of corn, having his health and fearing no peril, suddenly his bowels fell out of his body, and immediately most miserably he died. Now it so fell out, that in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Prit[3] became parson of the parish where the said Grimwood dwelt, and preaching against perjury, being not acquainted with his parishioners, cited the said story of Fox, and it happening that Grimwood being then alive was in the said church, he brought an action upon the case against the parson."

The issue of the action we have on the authority of Sir Edward Coke:[4]

> "Coke cited a case where Parson Prick in a sermon recited a story out of Fox's *Martyrology*, that one Greenwood being a perjured person, and a great persecutor, had great plagues inflicted upon

[1] *Athenæ Oxonienses*, ed. Bliss, ii. 789. [2] Or Greenwood.
[3] Or Prick. [4] Croke's *Reports*, ed. Leach, ii. 91.

> him, and was killed by the hand of God; whereas in truth he never was so plagued, and was himself present at that sermon; and he thereupon brought his action upon the case; and the defendant pleaded not guilty. And this matter being disclosed upon the evidence, Wray, Chief Justice, delivered the law to the jury, that it being delivered but as a story, and not with any malice or intention to slander any, he was not guilty of the words maliciously; and so was found not guilty." [1]

Thus the parson was exonerated; not so the author of the story, which, it is clear, no one attempted to defend. It by no means mends matters that Foxe, having been assured that the whole of his history concerning both Cooper and Grimwood was fictitious, went down to Suffolk to inquire about it, but made no change in consequence. This is quoted by Strype "to show what care and diligence were used that no falsehood might be obtruded upon the readers, and Fox and his friends' readiness to correct any mistakes that might happen." Strype, however, is content to "leave the matter undecided to the reader's judgment and discretion," in which we may follow his example.

Such are some flagrant instances by which we may test the trustworthiness of the Martyrologist. It can scarcely cause surprise to find that the scholars who have made themselves most familiar with the contents of

[1] Coke's evidence obviously disposes of the plea attempted by Strype (*Annals under Elizabeth*, xxi.) and Townsend (*Acts and Monuments*, Ed. 1849, viii. 631 n.), that "there were two Grimwoods, one who sued a minister for relating the story from Foxe's book, and another to whom alone the narrative referred." Had this been so the case would have collapsed at once, and Wray would never have been called upon to explain the point of law on which Prick's acquittal turned.

his work are the least disposed to attribute to it any historical value. Testimonies to this effect shall be drawn solely from non-Catholic authors.

"Had Foxe, the Martyrologist, been an honest man," says Professor J. S. Brewer,[1] "his carelessness and credulity would have incapacitated him from being a trustworthy historian. Unfortunately he was not honest; he tampered with the documents that came into his hands, and freely indulged in those very faults of suppression and equivocation for which he condemned his opponents."

Dean Hook's opinion of Foxe's life of Thomas Cromwell we have already heard. From the same source we obtain the following terse statement of the views of Dr. Maitland, who devoted so much labour to Reformation history. Dr. Hook having consulted him as to the amount of credit to be given to the Martyrologist's statements, Maitland thus replied:[2]

"You may regard Foxe as being about as trustworthy as the *Record* newspaper. You must not believe either when they speak of an opponent; for though professing Protestantism, they are innocent of Christian charity. You may accept the documents they print, but certainly not without collation. Foxe forgot, if he ever knew, who is the father of lies."

Dr. Christopher Wordsworth,[3] although he does not appear to have quarrelled with Foxe's attitude towards Catholics, had a poor opinion of him when he attacked forms of Anglicanism "higher" than his own. Thus we are told[4] that Foxe frequently indulges in a kind of representation which is "neither just nor prudential,"

[1] Preface to *Letters and Papers of Henry VIII.*, i. p. 80 n.
[2] Hook's *Lives of the Archbishops of Canterbury*, vi. 148.
[3] Some time Master of Trinity College, Cambridge.
[4] *Ecclesiastical Biography*, ii. 363, Ed. 1853.

and that he must have known better than to suppose that things were as he said. Dr. Wordsworth goes on :

"Why then should Fox lend the weight of his respected name to such injurious misrepresentations, and introduce into these *Acts and Monuments of the Martyrs*, otherwise so valuable and so interesting, materials thus wholly incongruous and out of place, making his book the unsuspected and therefore the more dangerous vehicle for misleading, at that time, a large and growing party of Protestants, who of themselves were sufficiently perverse, wrong-headed, and ignorant, and doing injury to the cause of sound judgement, discretion and truth, in every age? This it should seem is nothing better than another example how utterly delusive it is to think by concession and conciliation to content and satisfy a *Puritanizing* (not less than a *Popish*) spirit."

"Though I have no design to charge this historian with insincerity," says Collier,[1] "yet it is plain his prejudices and passions governed his pen in some cases."

Much more outspoken was the late Dr. Littledale in his lecture on *Innovations*, delivered at Liverpool in 1868, of which the following are specimens :—

"Two mendacious partizans, the infamous Foxe and the not much more respectable Burnet, have so overlaid all the history of the Reformation with falsehood, that it has been well-nigh impossible for readers to get at the facts" [p. 16].

"Bible reading [was] joined on, as we must remember, to the encouraged perusal in our churches of that magazine of lying bigotry, Foxe's *Acts and Monuments*, a book which no educated man now living,

[1] *Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain*, iii. 325, Ed. 1852.

possessed of any self-respect or honesty, does otherwise than repudiate with contempt and aversion, but which then was put on a practical level with the Scriptures" [p. 21].

"There are two points into which it is impossible to enter here. . . . The first is the systematic literary dishonesty of the Reformers, and particularly the 'martyrologist' Foxe. I must refer readers on this head to the unimpeachable authority of Dr. Maitland" [p. 52].

About the same period the *Church Times*, then edited by Dr. Littledale, spoke in the same strain. Thus:

"The fictitious martyrs whose names that unmitigated liar, John Foxe, has enshrined in the pages of his book" [February 15, 1868].

"It is noteworthy that the *Reformatio Legum*, which continued to make heresy a capital crime, was drawn up by Cranmer with the assistance, in the main, of that prince of mischief-mongers and stirrer up of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, Foxe, the martyrologist." [Nov. 2, 1867].

"The gospel of hatred, malice, and uncharitableness, of evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, is not the one which we have been taught to regard as coming from above. Yet this is manifestly Foxe's gospel, for there probably never was a book written which was intended to be, or has proved to be, a more virulent source of religious animosity than the one lying before us." [Feb. 1, 1868. Review of *Book of Martyrs*, new edition].

Mr. Sidney Lee, in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, tells us that the enormous size of Foxe's work has prevented a critical examination of the whole.

"But" (he continues) "it is plain from such examination as the work has undergone, that Foxe was too zealous a partisan to write with historical precision. He

is a passionate advocate ready to accept any *primâ facie* evidence. His style has the vigour that comes of deep conviction, and there is a pathetic picturesqueness in the forcible simplicity with which he presents his readers with the details of his heroes' sufferings. His popularity is thus amply accounted for. But the coarse ribaldry with which he belabours his opponents exceeds all literary license . . . Foxe's mistakes sometimes arise from faulty and hasty copying of original documents, but are more often the result of wilful exaggeration."

But more damaging than any other is the criticism which Foxe receives at the hands of Mr. James Gairdner, the fulness of whose knowledge is matched only by the calm judicial manner in which he deals with the Martyrologist's stories as he encounters them in his own history.[1] Discussing each case on its merits, and giving full weight to the evidence on either side, Mr. Gairdner finds charges of untruthfulness and dishonesty established at every turn. Foxe, he declares, ignores or misrepresents evidence that tells against him [p. 38]; he manipulates it to suit his purpose [56]; he counts as martyrs offenders of all kinds [129 n.]; he "was above all things credulous [131]; he tells stories the falsehood of which may be gathered from his own relation [*ibid.*]; he suppresses facts furnished by the authorities upon whom he draws [133]; he insinuates what is utterly false [135]; he evidently wishes his readers to understand what he does not venture openly to say [220–1]; he prejudices readers by irrelevant gibes [271]; he has made people believe what is untrue [333]; he was quite as prejudiced and unfair as the notorious Bishop Bale [342]; his narrative has been exposed as untrustworthy by reason of its bias, but has not even yet been subjected to complete and thorough

[1] *History of the English Church in the Sixteenth Century.*

criticism [352]. In consequence of all this, says Mr. Gairdner, Foxe has given a false colour to the history of the times, and especially to the sentiments and motives of the persecutors. "It is quite untrue, as Foxe and his school have made the world believe, that the authorities were savage or ferocious. . . . The burning of heretics was a barbarous old-fashioned remedy, but it is not true that either the bishops or the Government adopted it without reluctance" [349, 355]. And again, "A royal commission, issued on February 8, 1557, is printed by Foxe with the title, 'A bloody commission given forth by K. Philip and Q. Mary to persecute the poor members of Christ.' If we read the preamble, however, we find that it was provoked by the assiduous propagation of a number of slanderous and seditious rumours, along with which the sowing of heresies and heretical opinions was merely a concurrent" [387].

Such is the book upon which so important a chapter of our history has been well-nigh wholly based, and for which down even to our own enlightened days some would claim an almost sacred character. In the first half of the nineteenth century an appeal on behalf of a new edition of "that admirable book" thus urged its claims to public support[1]:—

> "When we consider the high character of the work for accuracy of detail; its full exhibition of the Gospel in all its holy and triumphant efficacy; the bulwark it has proved to our Protestant faith; its peculiar seasonableness to meet all the fresh dangers from Popery in the present times; and its intrinsic value, as forming a sound standard of

[1] 1836. To the Editor of the *Record*; printed by Maitland, *Six Letters*, p. xiv.

> Reformation divinity, we find it an exercise of Christian charity to call the public attention to it. We might further adduce the *imprimatur* of our own Church, by her act of Convocation appending it to all the ecclesiastical establishments in the land, as giving to Foxe's work an additional claim of regard."

When a cheap edition for the million appeared, some thirty years later (1868), a prelate of the Anglican Establishment,[1] furnished it with a preface, giving it his benediction and declaring—though his history, as we have seen, was not quite accurate—that—

> "The Convocation of the English clergy did wisely, when, in the days of Elizabeth, they enacted that every Parish Church in this land should be furnished with a copy of Foxe's *Book of Martyrs*."

But is it creditable to us as a nation that such a position should be assigned to such a book?

[1] Bishop Waldegrave of Carlisle.

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THE RELIGIOUS TROUBLES IN FRANCE: THEIR ORIGIN AND DEVELOPMENT [1]

By the Right Rev. Abbot Gasquet, O.S.B.

It has been usual, I believe, to devote the inaugural address at the Conferences of this Society to some subject of immediate interest to Catholics. Supposing this to be so, I make no apology for bringing before you this evening some considerations upon the religious condition of France and the persecuting policy of those now in power in that country. Not only is the subject important in itself, calling for our sympathetic interest; but we have, I think, a right to complain that the English press generally has been so ill-informed, or, what is the same thing, has kept us so very much in the dark as to what has really taken place across the Channel, and as to the great principles at issue in the struggle. The consequence is that the nation has a very inadequate notion of contemporary events which would certainly shock its profound religious sense and its equally deep sense of justice and fair dealing.

Only the other day I was speaking with one who for many years had been on the staff of one of our great London daily papers: he is an Englishman of unusually acute intelligence and sound judgement, and his views about the troubles which are afflicting France had been exclusively derived from the accounts which had appeared in the ordinary journals. As far as he had grasped the situation at all, the whole difficulty appeared most simple: it lay in the refusal of the regular Orders to adapt themselves to a very reasonable law, and in the illegal position taken up by most of the bishops in supporting them in their unreason-

[1] The Inaugural Address at the Catholic Conference, Liverpool, 1903.

able disobedience. It was difficult to make him credit my assertion that the only scheme to regularize religious associations which had been proposed by the French Government was really one of dissolution, accompanied by the seizure of all the property of such religious bodies, or "liquidation" of their goods, as it is euphemistically called. "But this," he exclaimed, when he had at length been brought to understand the true position, "this is an injustice compared with which the injustice of the Dreyfus affair, which stirred the heart of the English nation to its very depths, was as nothing." Quite so; and it is not, we may be sure, the sense of the English nation that is wanting; but a knowledge of the facts of the case. It is for this reason that I propose to lay before you this evening —although I am speaking to an audience that no doubt has knowledge and consequently sympathy—some of the main points in the present situation. Let us perhaps hope that what we say here may be passed on to others and may help to open their eyes; though this may be difficult and take time, and much telling. "The great difficulty," says Ruskin, "is to open men's eyes. To touch their feelings and break their hearts is easy: the difficulty is to break their heads" and let the light in.

To understand the situation rightly it is necessary to recognize the principles at issue; and to grasp these effectively we must go back a long way—to the year 1789. Between religion and the world, or, let us say, between the Church and the State, history teaches us—even if we had not Our Lord's own forecast of the relations to be expected—that there must at times arise difficulties more or less grave. Three only solutions of the relation between them are possible: (1) there may be a national religion, (2) or a Concordat between the Holy See and the State, or (3) complete separation. All these three solutions have been tried in France since the year 1789.

The first—the *nationalization* of the Church—was tried in the revolutionary period of 1790–1794 and, of course, it failed utterly for obvious reasons. The civil constitution of the clergy was drawn up in full accord with the principles of the Revolution then in vogue; and as France had then professedly gone back to the pagan world for its patterns and its models, the official conception of religion derived therefrom

was, that it was a function of the State. There was to be a *pontifex* as there was to be a *consul*, and the priest was to be a moral officer, a preaching magistrate, a *fonctionnaire* with a State licence and a State status, set apart to work in the State department of religion. The scheme failed mainly because the designers took no account of the fact that all real religion was essentially something apart from the natural order: and inasmuch as it was supernatural it could not be ultimately regulated by the power of the Crown, or shaped to accord with every policy of State, or even permanently controlled by any secular authority. All history teaches us plainly that religion must exist, and always has existed, only in so far as it corresponds to a need of humanity which the State has no power to satisfy. If in 1790 the Catholic Church could have allowed itself to be absorbed into the State in the way proposed, it would have lost its vital principle. It would have ceased to be the Catholic Church. "It would have ceased to be a faith, or indeed even a thought or sentiment, and have become a mere fashion."

"From 1790–1795," says that acute writer and eminent member of the Académie Française M. Emile Faguet, "the clergy and the Constituants were entirely wrong in their idea of a Church." They were wrong precisely because they did not understand that religion has to do with '*country*' and not with government, and that the functions of the Government are not the same as those of 'the country.' The Catholic religion, precisely because it is Catholic, is universal and is the same religion existing in all countries. It assumes national characteristics, it is true, in different countries; is Spanish in Spain, English in England, and Italian in Italy; but it is the same religion in all countries, and so, if it be Catholic, it cannot be nationalized or fashioned and formed by any government; it cannot be cast into any one stereotyped mould by any secular power; it can never be made an official department of any one State.

The third solution—separation of Church and State—was tried in A.D. 1795. The idea had indeed always been prominent during the period of the Revolution, but when the actual separation came the religious *régime* of the *Directoire* lasted only two and a half years. After a brief period for consideration and experiment, Napoleon I. in

1801 entered into the *Concordat* with Pius VII. by which the government of the Church is still supposed to be regulated. Some such agreement between the Pope and the temporal rulers of France, was, of course, nothing new. In one form or other, indeed, it had existed from the time of the great St. Louis. The treaty as to the government of the Church in France, between Francis I. and Pope Leo X., endeavoured to remove all causes of friction by a careful division of the purely spiritual sphere from the temporal adjuncts, necessary to a Church endowed with great possessions. Even up to the eve of the Revolution this method of solving the difficulties between Church and State was in force, and it was found in practice to work well. In reality it is to the existence of this Concordat that M. Hanotaux, the statesman and historian, attributes the fact that France was saved to the Catholic Church in the time of the great religious revolt of the Reformation.

In coming to his agreement, or Concordat, with the Holy See, Napoleon was certainly not actuated by any love for the religion of his country. To him it was merely a matter of State politics. It was necessary, for instance, to wipe out the great debt which the nation owed to the Church on account of the confiscations of the Revolution. This required the Pope's sanction, and this sacrifice of temporal possessions was the price paid for the measure of protection to religion secured by the Concordat, and for the guaranteed, though slender, stipends to be paid to the clergy by the State. Napoleon, too, thought he saw in the Concordat a means for rivetting on the hands of the priests the chains which already bound them to the Government and fettered their practical freedom of action. Had he been dealing with any human institution this crafty plan for keeping the Church in servitude would in all probability have succeeded. Looking back, however, over the century that has passed, it must strike any reflecting mind how wonderful has been the action and progress of the Church of France in spite of its legalized bonds. Napoleon hoped to find in the clergy, so governed, hampered in their action, and kept in decent poverty, what he called a "gendarmerie spirituelle"—his moral policemen—whose duty and interest it would be to support his new imperial throne. And certainly during the nineteenth century the Church of

France in ceasing to be rich, and in being mostly dependent upon the miserable State stipends, has indeed lost much of its freedom and independence of action. Its clergy would have become—or, let us say, might have become—the mere functionaries of the Government which Napoleon had looked for, but for the fact that they had in Rome and the Pope a rallying-point outside the limits of their own kingdom. As a direct though unforeseen result of Napoleon's policy, they became in fact more and more part of the great cosmopolitan body of the Church Catholic. Their very servitude and poverty is at least sufficient to account for this most significant fact, that the very name "Gallican Church" has now passed into the domain of the archæologist.

Whether under the Empire, the Monarchy, or the Republic, the great Church of France during the nineteenth century has done its duty as well, and as conscientiously, as before the Revolution. It has not, however, all been peace. At times the Church has had to fight for its principles, as it will have to do again now, with vigour and determination. The Church of Christ, for example, has always claimed, and will always claim, liberty to speak, to write, and to teach. It could not help doing so; and it defied the omnipotence asserted by the State when it claimed to stop its freedom of action in all such matters as pertained to its spiritual mission. In one thing, for instance, its protests and struggles were necessary for its very life, and caused considerable conflicts in the first half of the last century. "Liberty of association," about which we have heard so much during the past months, did not really exist in a legal sense in France, and the Church especially suffered from this. "Association," says a great French writer, "is the form and indeed the essence of the Church's life. By definition, and etymology even, the Church is an association." The Church in France existed indeed legally as a body, but merely as a body of officials belonging to one administration. All association, whether for spreading the faith, for good works, even for the purposes of edification or teaching, was not contemplated by the law. The Church, however, never ceased to vindicate for herself this liberty "as essential to its development, its life, and its very existence." Beyond this the clergy claimed liberty to teach. Why should they not do so? As citizens

the priests would seem to have the right of every son of France; and as clergy, they claimed for parents, as every Catholic priest must ever claim, the right to have their children taught as they would desire. The State also put forward a claim to control the education of its future citizens, and then came the conflict. The Church resisted the demand of the State to be considered the sole educator, first by resting on the "declaration of the rights of man" and the claim of citizenship, and then by demanding to be treated according to the principles of liberty it did not itself profess. In 1849, however, the Church indicated for itself the right of teaching: or rather the popular vote gave it to them, and it is this liberty which has now been already partially destroyed and which we to-day see wholly threatened, on the ground that to allow the Church to teach is to place too much political power in its hands. But it is indeed curious to note that the present state of affairs in France hardly seems to show that the Church has managed to possess itself of much political power, during the half century it has been occupied in education.

We may now turn to the situation of the religious Orders in France, and consider the legal status which they possessed under the Concordat and indeed until recent times. It has been frequently asserted that in the agreement made by Napoleon with the Pope, the religious Orders were purposely excluded. It is indeed true that by the legislation of 1789, and subsequent years, the French Congregations were suppressed, and also that they are not specifically mentioned in the restoration of religion under the Concordat. But it has been shown conclusively by the Comte de Mun that they are really included in the first article of that treaty which guarantees the "full and free exercise of the Roman Catholic Apostolic religion." How can there be a "full and free exercise" of the Catholic religion when the Regular life is prohibited? Is not the Regular life, though, perhaps, not necessary to the essence of the Catholic faith, certainly an integral portion of its full development? Moreover, the work of the Comte Boulay de la Meruthe on *La Négociation du Concordat*, makes it certain that the Pope desired and strongly urged that the Religious Orders should be expressly mentioned in the document, and that the First Consul was unwilling to include them, not because they were thought

to be prohibited, but precisely because he desired they should be regarded as purely religious societies, not needing State recognition but depending for their creation and regulation upon "a Brief (if the Sovereign Pontiff) should deem it expedient." If other proof was wanting that the Concordat in no way contemplated the suppression of the regular Orders, we should still have the fact that in spite of the laws of 1789, 1790, and of 1792; in spite of the silence of the Concordat; in spite of Article XI. of the organic articles, the religious Congregations had already reappeared three or four years before the date of the Concordat. Houses, schools and hospitals had been opened by religious not merely in secret, not merely with the tacit recognition of the Government, but with the direct approval and encouragement of the State. "I ask of any man of good faith," writes M. de Mun, "whether in the face of these facts it is possible to pretend that the silence of the Concordat can be interpreted as meaning the suppression of the religious Congregations."

From the reconstitution of order under Napoleon as Consul, for many years, and probably for half a century, it was considered useful for religious Congregations to secure the protection of the State by obtaining *authorization* under some *ordonnance*, or patent. In this way, whether under the Empire, the Monarchy, or the Republic, large numbers of religious houses and Congregations became known as *authorized*. Side by side with these, however, there grew up others which did not desire and so did not ask for State recognition, and the tendency has been for these latter to increase in number, especially since 1877, and in consequence of the uncertainty which followed the Ferry laws of 1880. It has been suggested, and in the British press we may frequently see it asserted as incontrovertible, or assumed as self-evident, that the non-authorized religious bodies, which came in 1900 to be more numerous even than the authorized congregations, were illegal. This is a completely wrong view of their position. The laws of 1817 and 1825 only require authorization in the case of such bodies as desire to obtain State recognition for their own purposes, so as to secure the advantages which follow from the possession of the civil status or personality secured by legal existence. Until the recent law

of 1901 the non-authorized Congregations, though not recognized by the State, were not in any way illicit. It is necessary to bear this in mind, because it has been the policy of M. Combes to suggest the opposite, and to endeavour to rob the Congregations of the sympathy of law-abiding people, by representing them as rebels and law-breakers who did not dare to place themselves in relation with the State. "It cannot be too often repeated," says the Comte de Mun, "that until July 1, 1901, the non-recognized Congregations were within their rights (in remaining non-authorized); their existence was licit though they could obtain no civil personality" (or existence).

Authorization then gave to the religious houses that possessed it a legal status, and it was M. Waldeck-Rousseau's professed wish in his Bill of 1901 to furnish a ready means for all religious to *regularize* their position by obtaining authorization. He was anxious—if we may accept his reiterated expressions—whilst making unauthorized Congregations henceforth illegal in France, to extend the approval of the State to all bodies which applied for it and complied with certain formal conditions, such as the making of a general statement as to the ends and object of their institutions and of the extent of their property and means of support.

Better informed, no doubt, as to the real intentions of the party now in power in France than those who relied upon the words of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and trusted to his reiterated assertions that the object of his Bill was not to destroy the Orders, but to afford them a legal position in the State, some religious bodies at once took refuge in other countries, preferring even expatriation to the greater evils that might perhaps befall them if they asked for an authorization, which they foresaw would be denied them. It will be remembered that many, even among Catholics in this country, thought that those who thus gave up early in the struggle were ill-advised, and that events would prove them to have read wrongly the signs of the times. Unfortunately this has not been the case; but the fate of the religious who made their applications for authorization, with full faith in the honesty of M. Waldeck-Rousseau, has shown how little honesty, or justice, or fair dealing remains to-day in the Government of France.

Of those that remained, fifty-four Congregations of men and a great number of Congregations of women, said to comprise in all some 6,000 houses, sent in their applications for recognition. Most of these had long been established on the soil of France. A great many of them had for three-quarters of a century openly carried on the purposes for which they were established without let or hindrance: they had been in constant and official communication with State authorities in regard to their work, and they had enjoyed the confidence and respect of the public and municipal bodies in the places where their good works were carried on. They came in good faith to Parliament to submit to the new regulations and to ask for the authorization required by the new law.

The case of some was peculiar. Their submission to the supreme authority of the State was the result of a scrupulous wish to obey the law, and they came to ask for authorization not because they thought they needed it or that they did not in fact possess it, but because they wished to show that they were law-abiding citizens in all things. Their action was the natural result of the advice given by M. Waldeck-Rousseau to the Congregations of Savoy on June 28, 1901. "I think," he said, "that it would be prudent for them, as indeed for all who are in any particular condition, to ask for the authorization which will insure them against every kind of risk." Let us take the Collège Anglais, Douai, as an example perhaps most of interest to us. The English Benedictines had possessed a college there for the last three-quarters of a century. The property was British and had been almost continuously in the possession of our Congregation since the beginning of the seventeenth century. Even in the Reign of Terror it had been respected as the property of the English subjects when the French religious houses were dissolved and their goods confiscated, until it was seized on the outbreak of the war between the two countries not because the monks were monks, but because they were English. On the restoration of the property after the Treaty of Paris, it was administered by a bureau in Paris as British property; and the students were, since 1826, appointed to the various burses with the full knowledge and approbation of the Minister of Interior. The existence of the college

was thus constantly brought before the officials of the State, and these dealings with them alone surely constituted an authorization in itself. Moreover, not so many years ago it was necessary to obtain a lease of the buildings at Douai from the Bureau for the purpose of carrying on the school, and this lease, with several years yet to run, was approved and signed by the President of the Republic, M. Carnot, and by the Minister of Public Instruction. As ours was in some ways considered a special position it was thought prudent to take the advice of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and to apply "for the authorization which would insure (us) against all risk." Personally, I will confess it, I never imagined that this was more than a mere matter of form and that in due course we should receive the authorization. The result you know. Our application was not even considered: we were executed with the rest *en bloc*, and the first intimation that we really received of our fate was the appearance of a liquidator at the college gates and the seizure of our goods and chattels, though we were British subjects. To-day the actual end has come. The three months of grace given to us has run out, and the Collège Anglais, which for so long has been associated with the name of Douai, from to-day (July 6, 1903) no longer exists. By a curious chance the hospitality accorded during three centuries to English Catholics by the French nation at Douai is violently terminated on the very day that President Loubet lands in England on his official visit.

The whole process has been as arbitrary as it has been unjust, for Douai is but a sample of an immense number of other religious houses. M. Combes arranges things as he pleases. Just as it pleased him by a stroke of the pen to close four thousand free schools, so it pleased him, in assigning to the Senate and the Chamber the demands for authorization which were to be divided between them, to hand six to the former and fifty-four to the latter. The accompanying suggestion to the Chamber of Deputies for the rejection of all of them *en bloc* was agreed to without difficulty or delay, and the "right of control of the Senate," which exists according to the Constitution of the Republic, in this case, by this Parliamentary *coup d'état*, was ignored. The matter was made simplicity itself by the action of M. Rabier, the "Reporter" of the measure before the

Chamber of Deputies. "Of what use is it," he asked in substance, "to discuss the ends and objects of the Congregations who have asked for authorization? We have no call to judge them as we do not mean to authorize them. Our intention is to condemn them and refuse their application, and so to destroy them under the new law." This was the view taken by M. Combes' majority; and all those who at M. Waldeck-Rousseau's invitation had presented themselves for "regularization" found their petitions rudely dismissed without consideration.

It would be interesting to know something of the ex-Prime Minister's inmost feelings to-day. In the Chamber and in the Senate in 1901 he defended his law on the ground that authorization would be granted or refused on the merits of each case, and he rejected indignantly an amendment which proposed the suppression of all existing non-authorized congregations. In the Senate, in reply to a suggestion that there was *parti pris* and that by the brute force of a majority the Orders would be condemned precisely because they were Orders, M. Waldeck-Rousseau exclaimed: "As to saying that Parliament will not grant authorization, in my opinion this is to make short work of its functions. Can you believe that the French Chambers, in face of honest statutes showing openly a reasonable, philanthropic end or one of social interest, will be animated by any absolute *parti pris* and will say: 'This is a Congregation, we refuse it authorization'?"

M. Waldeck-Rousseau's speeches also, that were posted up in every commune of France, bear witness to his engagements and to his reiterated promises in the matter. The electors, on the strength of those declarations, were assured again and again that the Government had no thought of suppressing the Congregations, and that it was in fact pledged to authorize those that would obey the new law and take the necessary steps to legalize their position. It is a complete misrepresentation to say, as the English papers have so frequently done of late, that M. Combes was returned to power with a large majority on purpose to decree the abolition of the religious Orders, and that in refusing to grant the authorization asked by them, he was merely carrying out the mandate he had received. This

issue was never before the country at all; on the contrary, the electors in every part of France had before their eyes, in the bills posted up by the authority of the Parliament, M. Waldeck-Rousseau's own promises in regard to authorization, and his indignant denials that any measure of suppression was intended; and, if they had any doubts upon the matter at all, they were set at rest by like pledges on the part of those that sought their suffrages.

In an eloquent passage of his pamphlet on the situation, M. le Comte de Mun describes the result of the complete confidence in the justice and honest dealing of M. Waldeck-Rousseau and his successor M Combes.

"The flood (let loose by the former) is passing on its way, sweeping on in a sad and glorious medley, towards the obscure paths of proscription, confiscation, and exile into which those others had already preceded them whom the first blast of the tempest had uprooted. It is a crowd of innocent victims we see; a body of men of all ages guilty only of being faithful to the name they bear and to the habit that clothes them. They are there. fifteen or twenty thousand of them, up to the last moment wholly occupied in serving their God, in praying to Him, in teaching His law, in educating the children of the people, in serving the sick and visiting the poor, or in spreading abroad in every land under the heavens the name of Jesus and that of France."

Then come the nuns. Already the refusal of authorization has come upon them as upon their brethren in religion. Thousands of poor unfortunate ladies have been turned adrift into the world whose only fault is that they have associated to serve God in prayer and good works. Thousands of them have grown old in the cloister and are thus unfitted to begin life again. Most of them are poor and unable to support themselves in any new sphere of work, and still less able to begin life afresh in any new country where they can enjoy the liberty to serve God which is denied them in their own. In all parts of England, our bishops tell the same tale of the piteous stories of these exiled ladies who, without means of any sort, or with means of the slenderest kind, have applied and are applying to them to be permitted to set up new homes in our midst, in the vain hopes of being able to

earn their bread by a little teaching, or a little nursing. It would be cruel not to undeceive them at once, but these numerous requests have of late added greatly to the anxieties, as the need of refusal has to the sorrows of our bishops. What is before these ladies no man can tell, and already we hear of nuns whose only course has been to seek dispensation from their vows and to hope to find the necessaries of life in taking up work in domestic service, or in serving as shop-women behind the counters of the Parisian millinery establishments.

Even when by the force of the law the monasteries and convents have been closed, the Congregations dissolved, and the inmates dismissed, the unfortunate religious frequently finds himself or herself still under the iron heel of the law. If he preach or lecture after his secularization, which as a priest he has surely a right to do, he can be prosecuted as recalcitrant and punished. By M. Combes, circular of April last the bishops were directed not to allow ex-religious to use the pulpits of their dioceses, and their refusal to be bound by such an arbitrary exercise of authority has been punished in certain cases by the suspension of their very inadequate salaries. In one case with which I am acquainted, two secularized religious were received out of charity by the Superior of a diocesan college as assistant teachers: immediately the college itself was closed by orders received from Paris. In another instance two nuns belonging to one family, after obtaining dispensation from their vows, were received into their father's house. Here incautiously they began to busy themselves in works of piety and, this becoming known, they received a visit from a commissary of police, who informed them that two ex-religious living together according to the law formed a "Congregation."

Hundreds of other instances could be given of the harsh and deliberately cruel treatment which has been meted out to the members of the dissolved congregations. Taking the figures given by M. Waldeck-Rousseau in the debates of 1901 as correct, there were seventy-five thousand religious to be dealt with, in the category of the non-authorized Congregations. But matters will not stop here. Religious life in France is doomed to destruction unless something unforeseen interferes to stop M. Combes' anti-

clerical policy. Already the word has gone forth that the Government does not regard previous authorization by the State as anything more than an approval accorded for a period. What the State has once authorized, says M. Combes, it can at some future time, if it thinks proper, declare to be non-authorized. This being so, we may at any time expect to see the members of the now authorized bodies, numbering some fifty-five thousand religious, added to the list of the proscribed, which means that their property will be seized by the State, and that they will be cast out into the world.

Nor, we may be sure, will that be the last act in the tragedy now being enacted before our eyes in France. Already it has been made clear, even to those who might have had any doubt previously about M. Combes' object, that the suppression of the religious Orders is merely an incident in a general campaign against the Catholic Church. The two circulars addressed to the bishops of France last April directing them what preachers they were to employ in their pulpits, and ordering them to close all churches and places of pilgrimage which were not strictly parochial, are in themselves plain indications of the lengths M. Combes is prepared to go; just as the almost universal refusal of the bishops to obey these mandates is proof that they understand the situation in the same way, and are ready to suffer any pains and penalties rather than be unfaithful to the duties of their sacred charge. What possible explanation, too, can be given of M. Combes' prohibiting the priests of Brittany and of the Basque provinces to give religious instruction to the children of their parishes or to preach except in the French tongue, except that he desired to put a stop to religious teaching of all kinds, seeing that multitudes of the parents and children of these districts only understand the Breton or the Basque languages? The words of the Bishop of Orleans addressed to the religious of his diocese on March 24th of this year, represent no more than the truth. He advised them to remain at their posts and keep open their schools, their refuges for the sick and aged, their crèches for infants and their private hospitals, until they were turned out by force.

"Reverend Mother," he continued, "the object of attack

by the decrees against the Congregations is not you and your communities, but God Himself. It is impossible now to make a mistake on this point. It is against God and Christianity that all this persecution is directed. It is not because the sisters of St. Vincent de Paul wear a grey dress; it is not because the Sacré Coeur nuns wear a black one, that they are being driven from the teaching profession. The reason, and the only reason, is that you all, sisters and nuns alike, teach the Christian faith. God is the enemy. God is to be exiled from the soul of the young child. . . . It is not difficult to foresee what the future conduct of our present masters will be. Yesterday they drove out those religious Orders who did not ask for authorization. To-day they are driving out those who did solicit it. To-morrow they will close all the teaching establishments which are at present authorized. The day after they will close the central houses, the *maisons mères*, whither they are now forcing you to go. The Congregations of France must understand that, as long as the present state of things continues in the political world, their case is pre-judged and hopeless and that they must endure much desolation and bitter trial."

Since the Bishop wrote these words events have justified his forecast. M. Combes is carried along on the flood he has let loose. There were indications that even he, like the real originator of the mischief, M. Waldeck-Rousseau, would have wished to pause in his career of destruction, and would, temporarily at least, have closed down the flood-gates. The very financial condition of France should be sufficient to make him desirous not to add to its burdens. Having already to face large annual deficits in the revenue of the country, it is hard to understand how any statesman can contemplate the additional expenditure necessitated by the suppression of schools and hospitals and asylums which the religious had supported. An immediate expenditure of over £1,000,000 for the building of new schools; of £190,000 for fitting them up; and of something like half a million yearly for the payment of new teachers in them, is the official calculation of what M. Combes' policy in regard to schools is going to cost. Then it has been stated on authority that there are at least 250,000 old and invalid people who have been hitherto

supported by the charity, clothed by the charity, served by the charity of the religious. These can hardly be left to starve on the roads and in the fields of fair France. What will they cost the nation? What is the least? Shall we say £10 a head? Even then we have a yearly expenditure of £2,500,000 and no provision made for sheltering them. Nothing less than madness and a senseless hatred of religion, could have initiated so suicidal a policy when, as is obvious to the most superficial observer, the public revenue, in spite of the high rate of taxation, does not nearly suffice to meet the current and necessary expenditure. And yet this is only the beginning.

Beyond the mere monetary question, there is also the serious doubt raised by competent men as to the possibility of the Government being able to furnish proper teaching in secondary schools to replace the professors they have exiled. M. Brunetière, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, stated his belief that the persecuting policy of the Government will cost some millions of francs for secondary education. As for primary education M. Combes' law destroys some 1,650 schools, and the teaching brothers alone instructed some 300,000 children. M. Ferdinand Buisson, an authority well known and recognized in France, considers that a grave peril to the State has been created by the necessary appointment of inexperienced, ill-educated, and untrained teachers to take the posts rendered vacant by the present policy of the Government.

But the grave injury inflicted upon the State by the laws against the Congregations is not our concern as foreigners. We are interested, of course, only, or mainly, in the religious side of the question, and the other matter is important only as showing how the Government, with full knowledge of the cost, determined to persevere in its work of destruction, and is thus betraying its animus and its real motive. It was obvious enough in the debates which accompanied the passing and the execution of the law. "Whether just or unjust," "whether it will be costly or even ruinous to the nation," we will have the law of suppression, so said the party which *en bloc* so ably supports M. Combes. What is it that impels them? There can be no doubt whatever. It is passion, and it is hatred; and their hatred is not merely against religious life, but

hatred of the Catholic religion ; of Christianity ; and even of God Himself. It is the spirit of M. Paul Bert—forgotten though he may now be — triumphant and in activity. Already the body of governmental supporters in the Chamber are clamouring for a denunciation of the Concordat with the Pope. What that may mean the future alone can tell. Whilst some on the Catholic side would welcome the rupture, as giving the Church freedom of action and an initiative it does not now possess, others see in any denunciation of the Concordat the beginning of yet greater religious difficulties. They point out — with what truth it is impossible for us, strangers, foreigners, as we are, to say—that, as planned by the enemies of the Church, the abolition of the Concordat would mean that every diocese and every parish in the country would fall under the Law of Associations, which has struck and destroyed the religious Orders. No bishop could administer any see, and no parish could employ any priest to administer the Sacraments of the Church, except by the authorization of the Chamber of Deputies and according to any conditions it might impose. The Archbishop of Albi declares that if M. Pressensé's Bill for the abolition of the Concordat is accepted, not only will the Church lack bread ; but that she would suffer from want of cohesion. The Archbishop of Toulouse thinks that its revocation "would condemn French Catholicism to a long period of anarchy" ; and the Archbishop of Aix, whilst calling attention to the fact that it is for the Pope to settle what is to be done, says that "there is every reason to fear that the separation of Church and State would only result in reducing Catholics and their institutions to a kind of outlawry." What that will mean I need not stop to point out.

What, however, is of interest and of importance for us to try and understand is how this state of affairs has come about. France is by name at least a Catholic country, and there is hardly any doubt that the country as a whole disapproves of the persecuting policy of the present Republican Government. The power, however, has been captured by a small but well-organized body of French Freemasons, who have long prepared for the time when they would be in a position to make and administer the law. Something must be wrong somewhere, when it is possible for

36,000 (which is the utmost number of the French Masons) to coerce a nation of 37,000,000. Masonry in France, it must be remembered, is undisguisedly anti-Christian and anti-religious. It will be within the memory of most here that the English Masons broke off all relations with their French brethren, when these latter formally expunged the name of God from their charter and documents. When French Masons hold the power, then, it is to be expected that the nation will witness anti-religious legislation, which, should they think themselves strong enough, will stop at nothing. The danger ahead was long ago foreseen by Cardinal Newman. "Hitherto," he says, "the civil Power has been Christian. Even in countries separated from the Church, as in my own, the *dictum* was in force, when I was young, that: 'Christianity was the law of the land.' Now, everywhere that goodly framework of society which is the creation of Christianity is throwing off Christianity. The *dictum* to which I have referred, with a hundred others which followed upon it, is gone, or is going everywhere; and by the end of the century, unless the Almighty interferes, it will be *forgotten*. Hitherto, it has been considered that religion alone, with its supernatural sanctions, was strong enough to secure submission of the masses of our population to law and order; now the philosophers and politicians are bent on satisfying this problem without the aid of Christianity. . . . As to religion, it is a private luxury, which a man must pay for, and which he must not obtrude upon others, or indulge in to their annoyance." Strangely enough these last words re-echo the expressed sentiments of a Frenchman who the other day declared that the open churches, the Catholic symbols, and the places of pilgrimages were too aggressive to be long tolerated, and that the people in power would never rest till they had obliged people to keep their religion to themselves, and not obtrude it upon their neighbours.

Several causes have contributed to facilitate the capture of supreme power by the anti-religious party. The weight of the official votes is very considerable. Every one connected with the Government in any way, from the Prefect of a Department to the smallest shopkeeper with a tobacco licence in the smallest village, has an interest, and a direct interest in keeping the Government in

power ; their own position depends upon it. Recognizing the great importance of the official vote, it has been the persistent policy of the Republican Government for a long time past to increase the number of the *fonctionnaires* by every means in their power. To-day these pocket-voters, who can be relied upon, form a very large body. Then the tyranny exercised by the Government over their officials is undoubted. Any act of religion, or any support given to Catholic charity, or any sympathy manifested for the clerical party in any way, is duly reported to headquarters and goes against a Government *employé* when the question of promotion comes to be considered. Public life is made incompatible with religion. It is difficult to credit the lengths to which this is carried. A friend of mine has a brother in the French navy ; he has mounted in his profession with considerable distinction, and has had the command of a torpedo-boat. He has been informed within recent times that it will militate against his career if he goes much to church. He may go without difficulty when he accompanies his wife and child, but unless thus unofficially with his family, he should avoid going if he wants to rise in the service. Even when he goes with his wife, he is advised not to take a book of prayers with him, so as not to make a parade of his religion !

How is it that a people, the majority of whom are at least nominal Catholics, stand by and allow this kind of thing? I fear that it must be said that the curse of the Church of France has been, and is, apathy and indifference. The Catholic party has no doubt identified the Catholic cause too much in the past with the monarchy, and when the Pope would urge all to rally to the existing form of government, it is to be feared that they have indeed retired from their old organizations, but have not thrown themselves into the working of others. They have shut their eyes and slept whilst the godless republican organizations have prepared their way, silently but surely, for the governmental *coup d'état* which they have so successfully carried out.

At the bottom of all, however, is Apathy—the curse against which Montalembert raised a warning voice forty years ago. At the great Catholic Conference at Malines on 18 August, 1863, he spoke on this important subject in

the presence of Cardinal Wiseman and of between two and three thousand Catholics. Under the sceptical and indifferent government of Louis Philippe, he reminded his fellow-countrymen, "the clergy had regained a little of the legitimate influence which the favours accorded them at the Restoration had caused them to lose." What use, he asked, had they made of it? Had they organized themselves? Had they taken their part and share in public life? or had they been living in the past and looking for a return to what they might love and revere in the Middle Ages but which had gone for ever. Before answering the questions his thought had suggested, he uttered what we must consider to-day as almost prophetic words of warning to those who would rest in their apparent security. "If there should happen to-day," he said, "a new revolution, one shudders to think of the reprisals which would be exacted from the clergy for the illusory alliance which has apparently existed now for some years between the Church and the Empire."

The orator then went on to criticize the attitude of Catholics:

"Everywhere," he says, "they are inferior to their adversaries in public life, since they have not yet taken their places in the great revolution which has brought into existence the new society, the modern life of the peoples. They experience an insurmountable embarrassment and timidity face to face with modern society. It causes them fear. They have not yet learnt to know, or love, or use it. Many of them still belong to the old *régime* heart and soul and count not the cost: that is they belong to a *régime* which admits neither civil equality, nor political freedom, nor liberty of conscience. This old *régime* had no doubt its high and great mission. I do not pretend to judge it, still less to condemn it. It suffices to know one thing, but that is everything: it is dead! It will never come to life again, nor any part of it."

Then, after insisting that it was useless, criminal, hazardous in the extreme to hanker after the past and neglect the duties of the day, Montalembert added:

"It is not sufficient that the renunciation (of the past) be tacit and even sincere. It must be known to all and recognized by all: it is necessary to protest frankly, boldly

and publicly against any idea of returning to a state of things the very thought of which only serves to irritate and disquiet modern society."

Had these weighty words of the great Montalembert been listened to, things might have been very different for the Church of France to-day. Unfortunately their whole drift and tenor was misunderstood and misrepresented, with the result that it seems to have been almost a point of honour for the clergy to live in the unreality of the past and for the Catholic laity to refuse to take their position as citizens of a great republic. We can all of us remember the time, not so long ago, when not to be a supporter of the monarchy and monarchical ideas was regarded by our French friends as the mark of an indifferent and even bad Catholic. To such a pitch was the hostility to the existing form of government carried that men, just because they desired to show that they were true to their religion, would not even vote for those who were to represent them in their Parliament. I well remember staying some years ago with an excellent Catholic family during the progress of an election and being amazed at the obstinate determination of the father to take no part in returning any representative to Parliament; and this is but a sample of what we have all of us heard of on all hands. To use a homely expression, the Catholic party have been "cutting off their noses to spite their faces," whilst their adversaries have been working and organizing and consolidating their forces. Now there is a call for action. "We Catholics have been asleep for years," writes the editor of one French journal. "The attitude of Catholics is a distressing psychological problem," writes another. "The whole affair is a severe lesson to us to marshal and organize our forces," says a third. Parties, however, are not made in a day, and it will take many a long year to build up organizations which should have been in existence for the past half-century.

M. Brunetière well sums up the situation in the last number of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. It is easy to set great forces, especially religious forces and prejudices, in motion. The difficulty is to stop them at will. M. Waldeck-Rousseau can understand this, for he is no longer able to do what he was pledged to do by every consideration of honour. The turn of M. Combes has yet to

come. "To whom do we owe the present disorders that afflict France?" asks Brunetière. "To those who ought as statesmen to have secured us against them. It is their politics that have caused all the evil. If God can say to the sea, 'Thou shalt go no further!' neither M. Combes nor M. Waldeck-Rousseau can say it to the movement they have provoked. There was a talk of suppressing certain Congregations, and they have suppressed all Congregations of men, and are engaged in doing the same for those of women. All this they maintain they are doing in the interests of the secular clergy, and in the name of the Concordat which they desire to see better respected. The disorder is carried into the churches, and M. Combes has no better means of dealing with it than suppressing the pay of the curés. Is not this a question of the secular clergy? Is this not a question of *culte* which the Concordat guaranteed and organized?" But what of that? The Concordat itself is denounced, and M. Combes has spoken of this grave question receiving a possible, a probable, and even an immediate solution, with an imprudence and a levity which have served only to excite his followers to fresh assaults against the Charter of the Church's liberty in France. What the near future will bring it would be impossible and unprofitable to forecast. One thing seems certain: things have to be worse before they will mend.

Even at the last hour M. Waldeck-Rousseau's conscience seems to have been aroused. A week ago he raised his voice in the Senate in denunciation of M. Combes' action, declaring that his Bill had contemplated legalizing and not suppressing the religious congregations. He charged M. Combes with a dishonourable breach of the understanding upon which the measure of 1901, known as the "Law of Associations," had passed into law. Thus, he said, "is created a complicated situation in the presence of which the ordinary means of government do not appear to suffice." This declaration of the statesman responsible for the original measure may do something to clear him of complicity, but it is to be feared that he is powerless to stay the on-rushing torrent which he set loose and the effects of which he should previously as a statesman have considered and discounted.

For us the lesson should not be thrown away. We

Catholics of Great Britain, I fear, suffer more or less from the disease of apathy. We too do not always take our part in the life of our country and make our influence felt where it well might be of use. It is our duty not alone as citizens, but for the sake of our faith, and in order to have the means within our power when the time comes, as come it will, to defend the principles we hold so dear, at least in theory. And so, whilst sympathizing with all our hearts in the troubles which have befallen the Catholics of France, and whilst protesting with all our strength, in the name of freedom and liberty of conscience, against the action of the unbelieving Government of that country, let us take the lesson to heart and, throwing aside party and prejudice, stand together as Catholics, if and when the need shall arise, for the defence of Catholic principles and the protection of Catholic interests.

POSTSCRIPT.

Since the above address was delivered many things have happened in France. The religious question is still, however, the burning question of practical politics, only that it has grown, if possible, more acute. M. Combes, in steadily pursuing his persecuting policy, has won further successes, and his Ministry has manifested a stability which no one would have prophesied for it. M. Waldeck-Rousseau, roused by frequent appeals to him, in the name of common honesty, to dissociate himself from the actions of his successor, has made an attempt to stay the onrush of the torrents he had himself let loose, and he has been swept aside in the process. The English Benedictine property at Douai has been sold, for a sum wholly inadequate, to the town authorities, and the proceeds have been placed to the credit of the Benedictines in the sum administered by the *Bureau des Fondations Anglaises*. But as the revenue derived from our property must be spent in France, and as we are not permitted to exist as religious in France, we can obviously derive no benefit from this or from our other funds held by the same trustees. Meanwhile the furniture

and all other movables of the old English Benedictine college, which had been purchased with English money, or had been the gifts of English friends to the English monks, have been sold by public auction for what they would fetch.

The foreseen also has happened in regard to the authorized Congregations. In their turn they have received notice to quit. Some months ago, M. Combes practically accepted a suggestion that no instruction should be allowed to be given by any member of a religious Congregation, even if the body were in possession of State approbation. A Bill to provide for this has since been drafted and offered for the acceptance of the anti-clerical majority who, *en bloc*, have for some time done M. Combes' bidding. The result of this Bill will be to destroy denominational education in France altogether. By it the State revokes previous authorization, and although the teaching Orders may continue for a few years, since the Government are wholly unable to supply their places at once, it is provided that the Ministry may at any time decree the closure of their schools at its convenience. Meanwhile these Congregations may not receive any new subjects, and are to send in at once a complete list of all members. When this Bill comes into operation no fewer than 3,492 Catholic schools will be closed. Of these 1,299 are boys' schools, many of them large establishments and all taught by the Christian Brothers, the rest, that is 2,195, are girls' schools, taught by various orders of nuns. This is what the *Temps* calls "the latest attack on the Liberal principle," which has been made, wholly without regard to what it will cost the nation in hard cash, by M. Combes' Ministry. According to this latest law, in five years' time at the latest, all the authorized teaching Orders will have shared the fate of their non-authorized brethren and sisters, and except for a small number of authorized contemplatives and a somewhat larger number of authorized nursing communities (if they are spared, which is not likely), the religious life will have been banished from France.

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A SPANISH HEROINE IN ENGLAND:

DOÑA LUISA DE CARVAJAL

Among the devoted priests, religious and laity who kept alive the faith in England during penal times, one figure has remained more unnoticed than those of the other labourers and sufferers with whom her lot was cast. It is that of Doña Luisa de Carvajal, the daughter of a noble Spanish house, linked by no tie with our country except that of an intense desire, growing at last into an irresistible vocation, to labour for the salvation of souls in England.

Her father, Don Francisco de Carvajal, was a grave, pious, and studious nobleman, and her mother, Doña Maria de Mendoza, was a woman whose life was sanctified by the continual exercise of charity and prayer.

Doña Maria had five sons, only one of whom lived beyond childhood. She passionately wished for a daughter, and offered up ardent prayers for this object. She also asked those of many great servants of God, and had special recourse to S. Peter of Alcantara. He assured her that God would grant her petition, and on January 2, 1568, Luisa was born in the ancestral home of her family at Xaraizejo, in the neighbourhood of Placentia.

Few details of her early childhood are preserved, but it would almost seem as if the shadow of S. Peter, himself a martyr of penance, had fallen on her path, for we can already see a leaning towards the heroic virtues she was one day to practise. When only four years old her forehead was cut open, and with her face streaming with blood she walked up to her mother as quietly as if nothing had happened; and though the wound was considered dangerous, she neither cried nor complained whilst it was being

dressed. A singular reserve and modesty, together with a marked respect for truth, also characterized her. She once heard one of the maids say, in reference to something she had stated: "Don't believe her; she is only a baby, and may be telling stories." She drew herself up, and said with great gravity: "No, the baby never tells stories." Another trait was her dislike to company. She used to say to her attendants: "I think my mother is very easy-going to let so many people come and see her; when I am big I shall not let them pay me so many visits." She could not bear fine dresses and ornaments, and inherited all her mother's love for the poor, giving to them every penny she had, as well as her toys and sweetmeats. Even as a child, she was always anxious to screen others from reproach. If anything was lost or broken, and her mother questioned her about it, she would simply answer: "I do not remember having done it." But the most remarkable feature in her early years was her strong love of poverty and austerity. When scarcely four years old, she tried to imitate the discalced friars, and her great object, when out of doors, was to get rid of her shoes. She used to pretend there were pebbles in them, and when once they were off, she refused to put them on again. At home, in the coldest weather, if left alone, she took off both shoes and stockings; and whenever she met a barefooted friar she ran to kiss his feet. Being asked by one of her cousins, who was a religious of another order, why she did not do the same to him, she replied: "The feet of the discalced are made of gold."

Her confessors affirm that Our Lord manifested Himself to this holy soul at an early age, and a child, obtained by the prayers of such a saint as S. Peter of Alcantara, was indeed a precious gift. Doña Maria's great affection for her little girl might have proved an obstacle to the fulfilment of her strange vocation, but God prepared her for it by an apprenticeship of suffering, and at the age of six she lost both parents. Their deaths, like their lives, were very holy, the cause being a fever which Doña Maria caught from a person she had nursed and laid

out with her own hands. Her husband took the infection from his wife, and died a few days after her. The brother and sister were sent to Madrid, while Luisa was placed under the care of Doña Maria de Chacon, her mother's aunt. This lady was governess to the young Prince Don Diego, son of King Philip II., and lady of honour to the Infantas, his sisters, and lived with her royal charges in apartments adjoining a convent of discalced nuns. Luisa had several relatives in the community, and her feet were often heard pattering along the cloisters, while her sweetness of temper and engaging qualities endeared her to all.

Her father, on his death-bed, had given her in charge to a faithful and severe duenna named Isabel Aillon, who often treated her very sternly, but who was devoted to her, and was tenderly loved in return by Luisa. The child's piety and tenderness of heart grew with her years, as also her contempt of the world and her esteem of poverty, and her aunt one day said to her daughter, who was a nun : "Mark well that little girl ; a day will come when her relatives will have reason to be proud of her ! "

Another change now came in her life. When she was about eleven years of age, her aunt died, and she was consigned to the care of her mother's brother, the Marquis of Almaçan, a saintly man, who was to be an important instrument in his niece's spiritual training. Luisa shared the lessons of her cousins, but still remained under the special care of Isabel Aillon. The position held by such a person in a Spanish family of those days has no English equivalent ; though in one sense not above the rank of a servant, her authority over the children was sometimes prolonged till they were of an age to be married. Isabel used to say that the finest diamond requires careful polishing, and such she gave to the little girl, and was considered by the family a "terrible woman," but the only complaint ever made by Luisa was once when she was being violently scolded for some slight carelessness ; she lifted up her hands and eyes to heaven, saying : "Aillon wants to eat me up alive." She knew the real goodness

and self-devotion of her stern friend, and would not hear a word against her.

Luisa was eleven years old when she made her first Communion. Like S. Teresa, she mused constantly on the thought of Eternity, and by degrees spent more and more time in prayer, especially in meditation on the Passion of Our Lord. She felt an intense desire to give Him some great mark of affection, and read one day in the life of S. Francis of Assisi that he had bound himself by vow never to refuse what was asked of him "for the love of God." His intention only referred to almsgiving, but the vow Luisa made extended to whatever any one asked her to do in the name and for the love of God. Her uncle never heard of it, and she does not appear to have previously consulted her confessor; it was probably one of those acts which, though imprudent in themselves, are sometimes blessed on account of the simplicity of heart and pure intention which prompt them. A vow which would have been intolerable, and even injurious, to ordinary persons, proved of great use to so perfect a soul. She owned to one of her confessors that she was often astonished at the end of a year to see how many things she had undertaken and accomplished under the pressure of this stringent obligation, which, like a secret spring, governed her actions.

Her intense love of the poor made her ingenious in contriving ways of helping them, and one was to deprive herself every day of part of her own food. She generally began her dinner with a basin of broth, into which she kept throwing small pieces of bread and eating them slowly, whilst the platefuls which the servants brought to her were dexterously made over to a page who was in her confidence, and who carried them to her poor people. The Marquis was delighted with her stratagems, and gave orders that in his absence his niece should have all she wanted, and by degrees her aunt and cousins began to set aside each day a part of their food for some poor person. The Marquesa, who was a very pious and charitable woman, used to visit the hospitals and distribute delicacies to the sick, and Luisa always accompanied her with her own

store of provisions. During one Lent she daily saved her share of the sugared lemon-peel which formed part of the collation, and on Easter Sunday one of the pages noticed her keeping a little behind her aunt, and slipping the sweetmeats into the hands of the patients. She took an intense pleasure in these charities, and often exclaimed: "Oh my God, everything I have belongs to the poor, and I belong to Thee. Is it possible that, in return for the perishable things I give Thee, Thou wilt give me Thy love?"

Her uncle helped her in the practice of mental prayer, and she generally went to his oratory in the evening for this purpose; if she was not exact at the appointed time, he always sent for her. His teaching pointed to a higher state of life than he actually proposed for her acceptance, and she pondered over the details of the Passion till there arose within her a burning desire for sacrifice and suffering. The cloister or the desert would have been welcome to her, but she felt a vague yearning for something painful and laborious beyond what she could as yet conceive, and this sometimes made her wish she could sell herself to be a slave. She had by nature the keenest sense of what her biographer calls the "*punto d'onor*"; human infirmity led her to take pleasure in the consciousness of the antiquity and nobility of her family and in the homage paid to it, and against this danger she had all her life to struggle; and this explains much of her future history.

Her obedience to her uncle was most exact, and it used to amuse the family to see the simplicity with which she did everything she was told. One day she was standing near a brazier in which there was no fire, and the Marquis said to her in jest: "Come away, Luisa; you will burn your hands." She hastily drew them back, upon which he asked her laughingly why she had done so. "Indeed, Señor," she replied, "when you said I should burn myself, I felt as if I were scorched." Another time when very busy, he said: "Go to the oratory, my child, and I will come there and tell you what to do." He forgot to go until four o'clock in the afternoon, and then scolded her for not having come away. Luisa, who had been waiting there

since six in the morning, received this reproof with perfect meekness, and said not a word in her defence. Her uncle's passionate desire to see her become a saint, led him in some respects to treat her with great severity, whilst at the same time he made her the object of a sort of worship. The austerities he allowed her to practice fill us with amazement, but these were light in comparison with the strange trial to which he subjected her when about sixteen or seventeen years old. He often spoke to her of the dangers of self-will, of the necessity for those who aim at sanctity to crush that pride which lies at the bottom of even our best actions, and of the immense value of sufferings borne in union with the Passion of Our Lord. Then he told her she was to agree to his giving full authority to two duennas—women of virtue and piety, but not above the rank of servants, to treat her as he should direct. However severe or insulting their treatment might be, she was never to resist or answer them ; her penances were to be prescribed and inflicted by them ; in short, she was to be the slave of servants. She accepted and went through this strange ordeal with a patience, sweetness, and courage that seemed almost superhuman. It may be that the Marquis was resolved to see how far the heroism of his niece would go, and permitted the absolute cruelties which were practised upon her ; or perhaps, as is more natural and satisfactory to suppose, his instructions were exceeded. Anything less suitable for imitation or more blameworthy in ordinary instances can hardly be conceived, but when we read of the growth of extraordinary graces in Luisa's soul, and of her increased desire to serve God in the most laborious and self-sacrificing ways, we may suppose that her uncle's good intention was blessed, and that Providence was preparing her to become in after-years the friend, the servant, and the companion of martyrs. For twelve years she had also to endure the hatred of some persons who lived in the same house, and who vented on her insulting language, scornful looks, and on one occasion violence which nearly endangered her life. Her confessor, who knew very well the height to which this persecution had

reached, asked her once why she never spoke of it in confession. She answered that she was not conscious of any reason for doing so. "But you must sometimes feel angry, or at least irritated?" "No," she said; "I always think they may have some good intention in what they do—at any rate, they only act in this way by God's permission, and He allows it for the good of my soul." This total absence of resentment was one of the chief graces bestowed upon Luisa, for her natural disposition was proud and sensitive.

When she was nearly twenty years of age, it seemed to her the time had come to consider seriously how she should serve God with the exclusive devotion she desired. She had no vocation for life in a cloister, but an intense longing for a life of poverty and humiliation, resembling as much as possible that of Our Blessed Lord on earth. Her plan was to shut herself up in a small house with a few companions, and to live there, wholly devoted to pious exercises, out of sight of the world, and forgotten by every one. By this manner of life she proposed to renounce what her biographer calls "honour," a word perhaps best expressed in English as "consideration," and this was a sacrifice more costly than any she could make. At that time it was considered honourable as well as edifying to go into a convent; but to subject herself to the humiliations of a life, not of religious austerity, but of common, vulgar poverty, which, she felt sure, was what God expected of her, seemed at times impossible. A subtle pride fought against the divine inspiration; an overweening estimation of the advantages of rank had been the weak point in her character; but grace at last overcame this enemy, and kindled a love which could refuse nothing to Him, Who had first so loved His creature.

She then laid her plan before her uncle, but its strangeness took him entirely by surprise, and he set his face against it. If she did not wish to marry, why could she not become a nun? He could not admit that it was proper for a woman to remain unprotected in the world; she would bring disgrace upon her relatives. After many discussions, he gave her leave to alter the fashion of

her dress and live in a retired part of the palace, with three or four attendants, spending her time in devout exercises. A year passed in this way, but Luisa felt she was not where God was calling her. She knew this call must be obeyed, and she often said, with a painful presentiment, that Our Lord would remove in His own way the obstacles to her vocation. This foreboding proved true. The Marquis died soon afterwards, and all his niece's deep love for him seemed to revive with tenfold force. She now became dearer than ever to the Marquesa, who looked upon her as a sort of bequest from her husband, and absolutely forbade her departure. With a heavy heart Luisa submitted, but in six months her aunt also died. An uncle, who was a priest, then proposed she should make her home with him, but she replied: "No, Señor; God calls me to something very different from living with my relatives." This good man died shortly afterwards, and at twenty-four years of age Luisa was her own mistress. Some delay was occasioned by the settlement of various business matters, in which the interests of her brother were involved, and it would seem that Luisa herself, now the struggle was over, did not hurry on the final step; but from whatever cause the delay arose, Our Lord showed her unmistakably that He was displeased with this want of immediate correspondence with grace, and compelled her, in some sort, to accomplish her design at once.

It was necessary for her to remain in Madrid, so she asked a cousin to let her occupy a very small, inconvenient house in the Via de Toledo, close to the Jesuit College. She took possession of this poor abode with three or four women who had shared her retirement in her uncle's palace, and now seemed to breathe more freely. She made a little speech to them, full of that dignified simplicity which was one of her characteristics, in which she thanked God for His mercy in having brought her to this house, where she wished, as far as possible, to imitate Our Divine Lord's life on earth; they were to be sisters, and to call her Luisa, and she said: "I promise you that God will take care of us if we devote ourselves to serve Him."

Her first step was to sell everything of any value, and to give the price to the poor. Her dress, and the furniture of the house, were of the poorest, and she slept on bare planks, and sometimes went barefoot when she could do so unperceived. She arranged that for a week at a time each should act as the servant of the others, and insisted on being the first to undertake this work. The difficulties she met with may easily be imagined. She was sadly puzzled about the "olla," and was obliged to go with the salt bag in her hand to one of her companions to ask how much she was to put into the saucepan; her cooking must have been an admirable kind of mortification to her friends as well as to herself. She was so anxious to practise obedience, that she begged her confessor to name one of her former maids as her superior in temporal matters, and he fixed on one who was exceedingly devout and zealous, and who seems to have had strange ideas of the duty of imposing penances on other people. She found fault with everything Luisa did, and interrupted her constantly to order her about here and there. If she ventured to speak, the duenna jumped up and cried: "What is all this about? What foolish things you are saying!" Luisa received these constant rebuffs with invariable sweetness, as also the strict fasts and frequent abstinence imposed upon her. She owned to Ines, her friend and favourite companion, who was indignant at this conduct, that she sometimes almost cried from hunger, but she would not take any step to alter the state of things. After two years, the rigid monitress went into a convent, to the satisfaction of Luisa's companions.

During the time not occupied in religious exercises the members of the little society worked with their hands, chiefly in gold embroidery, which they sold for their support. Ines, who seems to have followed her mistress, at least at first, more from devoted affection than from a longing for poverty and humiliations, one day remonstrated with her, saying: "It is really intolerable, Señora, that you should be in such a state of poverty as actually to earn your own bread, or, if you cannot do so, to be obliged to beg. And then you

expose yourself to the contempt of those who see you going along the streets to Mass or to buy what poor food you eat, in danger of being run over by the carriages and horses of your own relatives; dressed in mean and shabby clothes, ill-lodged, ill-fed, you have neither rest nor comfort." "Oh, Ines, how little you understand the spirit of this life, and that we do it for Our Lord!" was Luisa's gentle reply.

Her rule of life was, indeed, as strict as that of any religious. In winter and summer she rose at three, and spent three-and-a-half hours in prayer. Then she inquired if there was anything for her to do in the house, and if such was the case, she performed her task with the greatest care. She then went to the church of the Jesuit Fathers, where she heard Masses and prayed until eleven o'clock. This was the dinner hour, and it was followed by an hour's recreation in common; then came manual work and conversation on edifying subjects. Slight penances were imposed whenever idle or vain words were introduced, and heavier penalties for disobedience or murmuring. During part of the time allotted to work silence was observed. At four o'clock Luisa always read aloud some spiritual book, and so great was her facility in translating Latin into Spanish, that no one could tell in what language the book from which she read was written. At six she withdrew to the little oratory for an hour of mental prayer. At seven they supped on eggs and vegetables, and then worked and conversed until nine, when they made their examination of conscience, said the rosary and night prayers, and read the points for the next morning's meditation. Luisa recited the Divine Office every day as long as her health allowed, and lived in this manner all the remaining years of her life.

Though not a cloistered nun, she took the three religious vows of chastity, poverty, and obedience, the first named probably long before she retired from the world. After she had spent two years in the Via de Toledo, one of her relatives, a nobleman of high position and character, conveyed to her a proposal of marriage. She could not help smiling, and said: "I have been for two years the

scandal and disgrace of my relatives, and here is one who wants to marry me!"

Her vow of poverty enabled her to benefit the poor at her own expense; delicacies sent to her during illness were bestowed upon them, as also everything not strictly necessary. For twelve years she underwent much suffering from a lawsuit for the recovery of her property, which was all to be given away. For the sake of the poor, for the interests of religion, and in obedience to her superiors, she bore the labours and humiliations of this distasteful task, and when her companion begged her to leave it alone, and let those who were to enjoy the money plead for its possession, she would say: "Do you not see, my Ines, that I act under obedience, and how right it is that what I give to God should not cost me little? I wish the offering to be pure and complete, and to give my Lord not only my property, but the labour, and the trouble, and the suffering which I endure in recovering it."

Her vow of obedience to her director was made in 1595, and she soon afterwards made a fourth vow which was the complement and crown of the others. By it she bound herself to do always what she considered to be most perfect in God's sight, and to do it in the most perfect manner possible. Fourteen years after making it, she mentioned it to that master of the spiritual life, Fr. Luis de la Puente, who was intimately acquainted with the state of her soul and the delicacy of her conscience. He said no other proof was necessary of her sanctity than to have made such a vow and to have observed it during so many years in contentment and peace.

The severest struggle she had with herself was to become a beggar in the strict sense of the word. With her confessor's leave, she one day said to Ines: "Come with me," and hiding a bowl under her cloak, she led the way to a church where a distribution of food was about to be made. Luisa advanced with the rest of the women, and said with great humility and composure: "Father, for the love of God give me an alms." The Father looked at her attentively and said: "You seem a respectable person,

take this;" and he filled her bowl and gave her several bits of bread. She then went into the church to thank God, and afterwards sat with Ines on the steps outside enjoying this rich repast, and putting aside what was left for the evening meal. She did this several times both in Madrid and in Valladolid. On one occasion she had not brought a bowl, and an old, blear-eyed woman offered her the one she had just been using, wiping it at the same time with a very dirty hand. Luisa, with great violence to herself, overcame her repugnance and drank the soup which was given to her. In Madrid she gave up this practice, because the religious found out who she was; the poor also knew her, and began to call her, "The poor Saint." In Valladolid a monk once gave her a severe rebuff, and told her to go and look for work instead of wandering about the streets. She received this reproof in the humblest manner, and withdrew in silence.

While thus labouring for her own perfection, Luisa spared no pains for the conversion and sanctification of others. Her biographer says: "She seemed to do nothing, and she did wonders." "Nothing by force, everything by sweetness," was one of her favourite maxims, and she exercised an extraordinary power over the hearts of others. Once a woman was brought to her, diseased from head to foot, and her soul more foul and miserable than her body. Luisa took her in, ate her meals with her, dressed her wounds, and in spite of the poor creature's past manner of life, actually walked in the streets of Madrid holding her by the hand and treating her as an equal. Her companions remonstrated, but Luisa persisted in her heroic charity, and was rewarded at last. The poor woman made a good confession, and was placed by Luisa in a house of safety.

The Blessed Sacrament was the source from which Luisa drew the strength to lead her austere life and the graces which she was the means of imparting to so many. During her residence in her uncle's house she communicated once a week, which at that time was considered very often, and even after she had entered on her new way of life she was only

allowed to do so on Sundays and Thursdays. So strict was her confessor, a Jesuit Father, on this point, that if prevented from receiving Holy Communion on the appointed days, she was forbidden to do so on any other. This was a hard trial, for her soul literally pined for the heavenly food; but though many persons took upon themselves to advise her not to submit to this rule, she would rather have died than disobey. At the end of four years her confessor left Madrid, and his successor took a different view of the matter. He allowed her many extra Communions, and after a time said it would be well for her to communicate daily. The permission given to her was not absolute and general; she had to ask it daily from her confessor, who tried her by occasional refusals. As might be expected, an extraordinary increase of holiness was the result of her frequent Communions, and her whole existence was employed in preparation and thanksgiving for that great gift. When she had received Our Lord, it was her practice to spend an hour in prayer, as motionless as a statue, and it was only by pulling her that she could be recalled from her blissful trance. Once when she was praying, the groom of a great lady came to lay down a carpet, and ordered her several times to get out of the way, but though he pushed her, she remained immovable. At last he lost his temper and struck her; when her companion joined her, Luisa told her of the pain she felt, but did not know what had caused it. "She paid a continual court to the Sacred Presence." She never passed a church without entering it, and if it was shut, she prostrated herself on the steps outside and did homage to her Sovereign Lord.

Her spirit of prayer was very remarkable. Her prayer was not discursive, and was for the most part without sensible sweetness. She prayed all day, whilst her hands were actively employed in work, and the greater part of the night. Her companions made holes in the door of her room in order to watch her at prayer, and if she was wanted, they had to knock over and over again before she heard them. Whenever she rose from prayer, she used to say, "Come with me, my Lord," or, "Do not

let me go without Thee." Once on a winter night she knelt down in a gallery to make her examination of conscience, and in the morning she was in the same position, utterly unconscious of the lapse of time. Sometimes in the middle of a meal she became rapt in prayer, and when she perceived where she was, would try and turn away attention by exclaiming, "What an abstracted fool I am!"

From time to time extraordinary favours were granted to her. For the space of several months, whenever she began to pray, there appeared to her a vision of our Lady and the Infant Jesus, and she felt that the Blessed Virgin placed the Divine Child in her arms, and suffered her to embrace Him. The scenes of the Passion were even more frequently enacted, as it were, in her soul, and she used to say to her dear Saviour, with her accustomed simplicity, "O my Lord, if You vouchsafe to me so holy a society, and so great a favour, how can I leave You to attend to other things?"

But these visions and ecstasies never for a moment weighed in her estimation with the virtues which it was her constant aim to acquire. The one study of her life was to avoid, not only sin, but the slightest faults, and to obey out of love for our Lord, who said, "If you love Me, keep My commandments." Her heart had been gradually prepared for a strange labour of love, and the time to enter upon it was at hand.

One day, while she was praying, the word "England" had flashed across her mind—England, where Catholics were suffering and dying. This was while she was living in her uncle's house, and she did not mention to him or to her confessor the longing which took possession of her to go to that distant land, and by her life or by her death to confirm the faith of her afflicted brethren. Twenty years passed before that desire was carried out, but it never left her. Her prayers, penances, acts of heroic charity, appear to have been all offered up for the English Catholics and the conversion of their country. She made light of her instruments of penance, and exclaimed, "It is not these

light chains I want; it is the heavy irons of the English martyrs!"

In 1595, or the following year, a book fell into her hands which stirred her soul greatly. It was the life and death of the Jesuit Father Henry Walpole, who, after having been nine times tortured, was executed at York on May 7, 1595. It is more than probable that she had seen and conversed with that holy missionary while he was at the seminary in Valladolid, and the story of his life was now her constant companion. It seemed as if God were calling her to that far-off land, and in 1598 she made a vow to seek occasions of martyrdom in whatever way it might be lawful to do so. Her feelings as to the English martyrs were so well known, that her confessor never failed to let her see any English Father of the Society of Jesus, or priest from the English seminary, who happened to be within reach. When so ill and prostrate that nothing seemed to rouse her, the word "England" acted upon her as the sound of a trumpet to a dying soldier; her countenance instantly lighted up, and her whole soul concentrated itself on that favourite subject. At last she definitely disclosed her wishes to her confessor and other learned and holy persons of her acquaintance. They all praised her zeal and fervour, but did not attach much importance to what she said, treating it rather as a devout fancy than a real project. As time went on, however, they began to look upon the matter in a new light. One of the persons she consulted was the famous Jesuit, Father Luis de la Puente, who, after several conferences with her, said that if he did not venture to advise her to go to London, far less did he dare to dissuade her from doing so. The undertaking was beyond her natural strength, but none could say what supernatural aid might enable her to accomplish. What chiefly influenced her directors in favour of her unprecedented vocation was the fact that, notwithstanding her hatred of the world, she had never felt any call to the life of a nun. For some mysterious reason which she could not have explained, an insuperable obstacle always seemed to stand between her and the cloistered state;

whereas no shadow of change ever passed over the one desire of her soul, to go where she would be exposed to suffer and die for the Catholic faith.

At last the long-desired permission was given, and at once two circumstances occurred which singularly favoured her project, by removing some of the principal difficulties in its way. The first was the treaty of peace between England and Spain, which was signed, after Queen Elizabeth's death, between James I. and Philip III.; the second was the speed with which her lawsuit advanced. It was at last brought to a happy conclusion, and she instantly proceeded to divest herself of every portion of her recovered property. She had long intended to devote it to the formation of a Jesuit noviceship in Belgium, and by her will, dated at Valladolid, December 22, 1604, she left twenty thousand ducats for this foundation, and during her lifetime made over all the income proceeding from this capital to the same purpose. At first she had yielded to persuasion and reserved two hundred ducats a year for her own wants, but no sooner had this clause been inserted in the document, than she drew her pen through it, resolved to observe her vow of poverty to the letter. A translation of part of her will is given in Father Morris' work, *The Condition of Catholics under James I.*

Before two years had elapsed her intentions were carried out. In 1606 Father Persons obtained possession of a large house in Louvain, and the first novice received there was Fr. Thomas Garnet, nephew of the Provincial. In 1608 he was martyred at Tyburn. Luisa lived to see many martyrs and confessors pass from the house she had founded, and shed their blood on the soil she was watering with her tears.

Before leaving Spain she had to make a sacrifice which she had never expected. For thirteen years the most intimate friendship had existed between her and Ines, a companion who had shared her seclusion in her uncle's palace, and had followed her to the poor home she had afterwards chosen. It had been considered a matter of course that if Luisa went to England Ines was to accompany her, and this

was her only human consolation in the approaching separation from every other earthly tie. So matters stood until a few days before the one fixed for their departure. They both went to confession to Fr. Lorenzo de la Puente, and afterwards he came to Luisa, and said, "Ines is not to go to England." He attested later that she looked up and answered, without the least change of countenance or sign of disturbance: "Very well, Father; let all be arranged accordingly."

Ines' director had ascertained that she was going to share her friend's enterprise solely from a strong human affection, and this not only without any vocation for it, but with a decided attraction for a cloistered and contemplative life. Luisa never uttered a word of regret, and before her departure made all the necessary arrangements for her friend's entrance into the Augustinian Convent of the Incarnation. The sanctity which Ines there attained was a proof of the prudence of Fr. de la Puente's decision, and a reward to Luisa for the generous courage with which she made this last great sacrifice.

All was now ready. A chaplain, a man and his wife who were returning to England, and two men-servants recommended by the Fathers of the English College, formed her escort for the journey. Before leaving she wrote to her brother, Don Alonzo de Carvajal, a nobleman of high character, in great favour with Philip III. Then, without a tear, and as if she were doing the simplest thing in the world, she left Valladolid on January 27, 1605. The weather was very severe, and the roads so bad that the journey was long and dangerous, but the little band of pilgrims had the comfort of hearing Mass each morning, and in her daily Communion Luisa found strength and recompense for all her sufferings.

Starting at early morning, and stopping at nightfall, the whole party rode side by side without interruption or disorder. In Paris, Luisa spent a week in the Convent of the Discalced Carmelites; and at S. Omer she stayed a month in the house of a cousin of Fr. Persons. It seems that the Fathers of the Society in England rather dreaded

her arrival on account of her high rank and well-known name, and also because of the weakness of her health and her ignorance of the language and country. However, when Fr. Garnet, the Provincial, and the other Fathers were informed how holy and prudent she was, they withdrew their opposition, and sent an escort to accompany her to England. At length she landed in safety at Dover, and at once knelt down on the sand, and thanked God for the attainment of her life-long desire.

The account of Luisa's residence in England is disappointing because of the absence of names of persons and places, but this prudent reserve was inevitable in a book published at a time when the persecution against Catholics was raging. Nothing is to be found in the Spanish Life regarding her first impressions of England. She travelled for two days on horseback to a place where the Fathers of the Society had secured for her a most hospitable reception, and which her biographer, Luis Munoz, describes as "a devout house, full of religious consolations." The chapel was adorned with pictures and images, and several Masses were daily said there, accompanied by beautiful music. She spent a month at Battle, near Hastings, and then a secret warning was one night brought that the pursuivants would visit it on the morrow, and Luisa had to travel to London. She went to the house of a Catholic lady where Mass was always said, and by a singular mercy—amid frequent changes and great inconveniences—she was always able to hear Mass and receive Holy Communion daily. It would seem that the Catholics were somewhat ungracious to her at first. A few months after her arrival in London the Gunpowder Plot was discovered, and so great was the alarm occasioned by the storm which followed, that a lady with whom she was staying at the time told her she could no longer shelter her. Spain was falsely accused of having encouraged the Plot, and the Spanish lady, shut up in her little room, and poring all day over English grammars and dictionaries, was looked upon as dangerous. She then applied to Fray Juan

de San Augustin, chaplain to the Spanish ambassador, Don Pedro de Zuniga, and at the earnest invitation of the latter took up her abode in his house. He assured her that at that moment her life would be in danger anywhere else, and here she found the very solitude for which she had been sighing. In company with two pious English girls, she spent nearly a year in seclusion, but even then she visited priests and Catholics in prisons, and those whom she knew in different parts of London. One circumstance connected with the persecution specially grieved her; it was the false statement that many of the Catholics were traitors, and died, not for their religion, but for rebellion and conspiracy. To Luisa, whose weak point, as we have seen, was an overweening attachment to chivalrous ideas of honour, this calumny was peculiarly distressing, and "she could hardly have suffered more if she had been a captive among the Turks. Sometimes her courage almost gave way, though nothing betrayed her anguish. The iron entered into her soul, not so much at the sight of the sufferings of her brethren in the faith, as at the malicious calumnies heaped upon them."

So violent did the persecution become, that several persons of influence, and among them Fray Juan, began to think there was no use in her remaining in England, and that she would do more good in her own country. Luisa admitted the strength of all their arguments, one being that there was no prospect of martyrdom for her, as the penal laws were only applicable to English subjects. Humanly speaking, the thought of returning to her own land, where she could practise her religion in peace must have seemed like a bright vision of joy, but as soon as she knelt down to pray, the voice of God said in her heart: "Tarry here in the land of exile till I call thee to thy heavenly home."

After many prayers and consultations it was decided that she should remain in England, and she was also informed that his Holiness Paul V. had expressed the strongest approval of her piety and courage, and sent her word to continue as she had begun. We have the testimony of the

Jesuit Fathers that Luisa's presence in London was a great help to the Catholics. One of them wrote: "It would seem as if this lady had been sent here for the express purpose of shaming our want of courage. The example she sets us by her bold profession of the Catholic faith and her desires of martyrdom, are a rebuke to our timidity."

A beautiful cross was still standing in Cheapside, to which she never failed to pay homage when she passed that way. One day in particular she knelt and prayed before it, heedless of the shouts of the mob, who threatened to stone her on the spot. After a while her confessor told her to abstain from open demonstrations of her faith, as they might defeat the object she had in view.

When the excitement caused by the Gunpowder Plot had subsided, Luisa told the Ambassador of her desire to leave his house for one of her own where she would have greater freedom of action. Her residence at the Embassy had brought about one most happy and important result—the reservation of the Blessed Sacrament, and through her persuasion the same privilege was obtained by the Ambassador of the Low Countries. Their example was followed in the French and Venetian Embassies, and the benefit to the Catholics in London was very great.

She had barely the means of hiring a house, but she succeeded at last in establishing herself and her companions in a very small one, close to the Embassy. While living here, she had the privilege of comforting and strengthening the Fr. Robert Drury of the Society of Jesus, who was put to death on February 6, 1607, for refusing the oath of allegiance. Luisa visited him in prison, and spent two days with him; he commended his mother to her care, and she took her home, and did not part with her till she had amply provided for her maintenance and comfort.

Luisa diligently studied spiritual works treating of controversy, one of her favourites being the *Summary of Christian Doctrine*, by Luis de Granada. She never lost an opportunity of consulting theologians as to the meaning of controverted passages, and God blessed her with a singu-

lar talent for explaining points of doctrine, and a great readiness in answering objections and detecting fallacies in argument.

In May, 1608, she had the joy of being imprisoned for her religion, in consequence of having argued with some shopkeepers. She was detained for three days, at the end of which time the Spanish Ambassador obtained her release. He was not unnaturally dismayed at this result of her zeal, and wished her to return to Spain, even going so far as to tell her she might be the occasion of a rupture between England and Spain. It pained her greatly to appear obstinate by remaining, but she yielded to the advice given to her not to carry on public disputations. Fr. Luis de la Puente, to whom she had written about her imprisonment, answered in the same strain, and Luisa implicitly obeyed.

Luisa's one idea was to win to God souls entangled in heresy. She writes thus to her cousin: "Sometimes my poor soul clamours to God for children, but generally speaking I am satisfied to do all I can to please Him who gives me these strong desires, and to leave all to Him. I am greatly rejoiced at the conversion of a married man, because this leads to his wife's conversion also, and ensures a Catholic education for his children. The most impregnable stronghold of this people's obduracy is their incredible attachment to a quiet life and temporal prosperity. Even after one has worked hard to convince them of the truth of Catholicism, and they admit it, the fear of displeasing the heretics is of itself enough, without any other reason, to prevent them from renouncing heresy. I very often tell them this sort of devil can only be cast out by prayer and fasting."

She spent some time in Highgate, and wrote thence to her brother: "We were staying all the winter out of London on account of the plague, which threatens to be more violent than ever. Though the inhabitants of this place are most determined heretics, several persons have been already converted, and there are many opportunities for work of that sort." While there she heard of a woman,

between eighty and ninety years of age, who had conformed at the time of Queen Elizabeth's accession, and attended the Protestant service. Luisa tried in every way to make her acquaintance, but the old woman, who suspected she wanted to talk about religion, repulsed all her advances. Then Luisa pleaded with God for her with many prayers and tears, and one day the woman came to her, curtseying and smiling, but apparently without any particular object. Luisa told her it was high time to think of her salvation, and to prepare for the next world, upon which she said she had seen in a dream a radiant youth, who had warned her that if she wished to save her soul she must be reconciled to the Church. She had replied that it was not in her power to do so, and he had then charged her, in the name of Our Lord, to go to the Spanish lady, who would help her. She looked so feeble that Luisa sent at once for a priest, who reconciled her to the Church. Her mind was quite clear and her memory unimpaired, and she made her confession with marks of sincere contrition. During the time she had lived as a Protestant she had never ceased to commend herself to our Blessed Lady's protection. She lived two months in Luisa's house, praying from morning till night, and constantly repeating: "My Saviour, take me from this world before my lady goes away and leaves me with heretics." Her wish was granted: some days before Luisa's departure the poor woman died, making to the last fervent acts of faith, hope, and charity.

Luisa often contrived to take persons who wished to receive the Sacraments into the cells of imprisoned priests, and, strange as it may seem, this was often the safest way to attain their object. If once the gaoler's connivance was secured, there was no danger of interruption.

She sent boys likely to have religious vocations to foreign colleges and seminaries, and received into her house young women of all ranks who wished to become nuns. She often had priests staying there; it was always open for those who wished to confer with them. She procured books for persons under instruction, though these were very expensive on account of the risk incurred by dealing in them. She also

supported priests and other Catholics in the prisons, who, if they could not afford to pay for their board and lodging, were thrust into the company of the vilest criminals. In short, she rendered innumerable services to persecuted Catholics of every rank, and it is wonderful how she found the means to do so. With the exception of a very shabby garment made of black serge, and food just sufficient for her support, she bought nothing for herself. Her companions were of the same mind, and were never better pleased than when they found themselves without a single coin, or a bit of food in the house. Luisa's biographer observes in his quaint way: "It is not every one's money God uses," when a very rich lady had refused to give her a penny. Then when a friend sent her almost her whole year's income, Luisa did not hesitate to accept the offering, knowing in what spirit and to Whom it was made, Who would repay it with interest. She used to meditate much on what a very holy prelate had once said to her: "Count up your debts to Our Divine Lord, in order to pay them. But no, do not attempt it. Their number is too great; you cannot count them."

While Luisa was staying at the Spanish Embassy, Don Pedro wrote to the King of Spain, Philip III., an account of the good she was doing, and mentioned her having given away all she possessed, so that she now lived by the work of her hands and the alms of the faithful. The King had always had a great regard for her, and at once assigned her, out of his private purse, a pension of three hundred reals a month. This placed her, as she said, "in riches and luxury," and the large donations she received from her uncle, the Cardinal Archbishop of Toledo, and from friends among the Spanish nobility, were of course all spent in works of charity. Spanish gloves were at that time much admired, and she made presents of these and other little things to win her way with her English friends.

At her request the Spanish Ambassador maintained in his house an aged English priest for the benefit of London Catholics. One important service we must not omit, so great that if she had done no other good in

coming to England it would have been in itself sufficient to compensate for the weary years of banishment. This was her vindication of English Catholics who were falsely accused of treason and disaffection to the State. It was the aim of the Government to make it appear that they were not persecuted on account of religion, and this false statement had gained some credence in foreign countries, and lessened the help and sympathy shown to them, to their great discouragement and grief. Under these circumstances the testimony of a person so well known as Doña Luisa carried great weight. Her labours were not in vain; she established the fact that a relentless religious persecution was carried on against English Catholics, and fostered in their behalf the sympathy of their fellow-Catholics abroad.

A word may be said here on the difficult and much-disputed point of conversation with non-Catholics on religious subjects. So determined a controversialist as Luisa would not now be tolerated in society, but it may be questioned whether Catholics in our days do not carry too far a system of absolute silence. A spiritual writer has lately said, speaking of instructing the ignorant: "In this connection, 'out of season' does not mean forcing one's self upon another against his will, nor the adoption of methods that are offensive and aggressive, nor the selection of the most unfavourable time and the most forbidding manner we can command. But 'out of season' may mean a time when we should very much prefer our own ease and comfort, and when silence would be much more agreeable to us than speech." Again: "Doubtless there are some who merely want to argue, but some of these may be men of good-will, and are well worthy of a quiet and logical answer."

On December 10, 1610, Fr. John Roberts, a Benedictine monk, and Fr. Thomas Somers, a secular priest, were martyred at Tyburn, and Luisa had the happiness of spending with them the last evening of their lives. Her Spanish biographer says: "They sat down to supper—twenty confessors of the Faith, Luisa presiding at the head of the table. . . . In the course of the evening Fr.

Roberts said to her, 'Do not you think I may be causing disedification by my great glēe? Would it not be better to retire into a corner and give myself up to prayer?' 'No, certainly not,' Luisa answered; 'you cannot be better employed than in letting them all see with what cheerful courage you are about to die for Christ.' The two holy priests kept recommending themselves to her prayers, and charging her to plead for them during their last moments. They suffered death on the following day with admirable constancy."

Luisa could not always enjoy the sensible consolation she experienced on such occasions, and sometimes her heart sank within her. She wrote thus to her cousin: "I do not know how I shall ever be able to go on drinking this bitter chalice. There is no relief from the constant pain of witnessing suffering and of seeing the abomination of desolation reigning insolently in all the once holy and consecrated places of this land. And so I suppose it will be until I die. My soul is sometimes drowned in a sea of tribulations, and needs all the support and strength our heavenly Master can give. His divine mercy sends various consolations, especially that of thinking how great must be the merit and value of the pains and trials endured in this persecution."

The constant state of fear in which Catholics lived must have been to many more trying than death, and Luisa writes thus on the subject: "Every hour of the day or of the night the houses of Catholics are liable to be suddenly invaded by men whom they call pursuivants, who come to search for priests, armed with warrants to arrest them. They can neither close their doors nor defend themselves against this outrage, so that they never have a moment of peace and security, or hear a noise at the door without a beating of the heart, especially if they have a priest residing with them. Numbers of people answer me when I speak to them of religion, 'We have not the least doubt that the Catholic religion is the true one, but how is it possible to exist in such continued fear and trembling? not to be able, whether in bed or at meals, in the house or out of it,

to enjoy the least tranquillity?' And thus, driven to despair, they risk, or rather forfeit, their hopes of salvation. It is evident that nothing short of a supernatural grace can enable them to be patient under such treatment. One is continually reminded here of the words of the Gospel, 'Like lambs amongst ravening wolves.'"

In 1610, her excellent friend, Don Pedro de Zuniga, the Spanish Ambassador, left England. For four years he had been her constant protector and benefactor, and his departure deprived her of many spiritual resources both for herself and her friends. On his side he ascribed the success which had attended his mission in England to the friendship and prayers of this holy woman.

Soon after this separation, Luisa had a still greater loss. Her confessor (probably Fr. Michael Walpole) was imprisoned, and after a long confinement was banished. Her distress was very great, but her courage revived and she wrote: "I wish to live only to please God and to be united to Him in the closest manner possible, whatever it may cost me, and with or without help. If I have it, it is well; but if I have to do without it, this union will then be founded on nothing earthly, but on what is heavenly, and that rock of which it is said, 'And that rock is Christ.'"

Another trial beset her in the shape of letters which continually urged her to return to Spain. Her brother even came to see her with the purpose of taking her back with him. The only effect of his visit was to increase his grief at seeing his beloved sister in what seemed to him so miserable a position. He wrote to her soon afterwards and said it had required a special grace from God to enable him to leave her in this state. In her answer she ended thus: "Our Lord, brother mine, has not made my continuing here a matter of choice, for I find myself bound to England and supernaturally attached to it."

Accounts of Luisa's devotion to the Catholic prisoners reached the ears of Dr. Abbot, Archbishop of Canterbury, and filled him with indignation. He described her proceedings to the King's Council, who decided that she

should be banished, and orders were given that the moment she entered a prison, notice should be sent to the Archbishop and means taken to arrest her. For two years attempts were made to do so, yet she went about as usual and was not recognized. Some one said it reminded him of Our Lord's words, 'Every day I was with you in the temple, and you did not lay hands on Me.'"

Luisa's devotion to the relics of the martyrs was very great; she preserved as many as she could, and distributed them to others. She had the happiness of receiving into her house the bodies of five martyrs, and it was through her that two of them were recovered from the pit into which they had been thrown. She proposed to the son of the Spanish Ambassador that he and the gentlemen of his household should undertake this work, and they did so with desperate courage. It was a nauseous task, for only after removing the decaying corpses of sixteen criminals did they find the mangled remains of the two martyrs. Luisa was then living in Spitalfields, and she and her companions decorated the house and oratory with green branches, roses, and other sweet-smelling flowers. The holy relics were laid before the altar, covered with red silk and strewn with flowers, and afterwards put into a leaden coffin and sent to Spain. Luisa spared no expense on these occasions, but the only reward the Spanish gentlemen would accept was a portion of the relics. She sent some to her friend, the Duchess of Rioseco, and the following circumstance is related by one who appears to have been an eye-witness: "When that dreadful fire which we saw break out in the Duchess's house near Santa Maria destroyed everything in her apartments, the reliquary was found safe and uninjured in the midst of the ashes."

In 1610 Fr. Persons died, and Luisa felt his loss keenly. She had a dangerous illness, which lasted several months, and her sufferings were so intense that those who saw them were convinced she was going through the pains of martyrdom, which she had so much desired. When recovering, the doctors declared they could not

answer for her life if she remained in so close and confined a house in London, so she removed to Spitalfields. The distance from the Spanish Ambassador's house was a drawback, but it happened fortunately to be close to the Venetian Embassy. Writing in 1611, she said: "My companions and myself are in special need of your prayers. We are no longer under the shadow of Spain, and we seem to be offering battle to the enemy from this height. Our house, which is on the ascent from London, stands alone, apart from all the others, so that if they have a mind to besiege us, there is full scope for their operations."

Luisa had a singular gift for training souls to the religious life, and during the nine years she spent in England a number of Catholic girls eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity of leading under her guidance a life like that in a convent of the strictest observance, except that they were not cloistered.

Meanwhile the Archbishop of Canterbury always had his eye upon her. She had left off going to the prisons, in obedience to her confessor, so he tried to get some one into the house who might report what went on there. But she was never taken by surprise, and always said that without the consent of the Catholic Ambassadors she could not open her doors. At last Dr. Abbot lost patience. He spoke to the King and to the Council, urging the danger to religion of allowing such a house to exist; and the King, who was very much irritated by a book written by the famous theologian Suarez, gave him full powers to act in any way he thought fit. "On October 28, 1613, before daybreak, the Recorder and Sheriff of London came with sixty men armed with halberts and many other persons on foot and horseback, and by means of ladders some got into the garden and others forced their way into the house. . . . The officials seemed struck with astonishment at the evangelical poverty which met their eyes, and, disappointed at the result of their first investigation, they did not carry it further, and the oratory escaped their notice. . . . The Spanish Ambassador, the Conde de Gondomar, and the Flemish Ambassador both came, and

requested that Luisa should be given up to their keeping and allowed to remain in her house, offering to be answerable for her appearance when the King and Council required it. But the bailiffs declared they must remove the prisoner, showing the King's order, so Luisa was taken in the Spanish Ambassador's coach.

"There were five young persons with her at that time, one of whom was in bed ill, though not dangerously so, but the shock of seeing her beloved lady arrested caused her to burst a blood-vessel, and she died the next day. One escaped and three accompanied Luisa. . . . On reaching Lambeth the Archbishop asked her many foolish questions, to which she replied that he was not her judge. . . . He sent her to the public prison, separating her from her companions and placing her with heretics and malefactors. As soon as the Countess of Gondomar, the Ambassador's wife, heard what had happened, she drove to the prison, and sent a message to the King, that until he gave orders for the release of the Lady Luisa she was determined to be a prisoner also. She did as she had said, and the Ambassador sent word to the King that if Luisa was not at once set at liberty he should be forced to cease his attendance at Court. A Council of State was held, and after four days of earnest arguing the King ordered that she should be given up to the Spanish Ambassador. She was driven back in state to the Embassy; they passed through all the principal streets, and before the royal palace, the Count making it a point, both as a Christian and a knight, to pay honour to his religion in the person of this lady."

A few days after her release Luisa wrote to the Venerable Anne of Jesus, the friend of S. Teresa, and foundress of the Carmelite Reform in France and Belgium. She said: "They are striving against Our Lord to banish me from this savage desert. Will this be, Señora? This I do know, that those who leave this country are banished from many occasions of suffering."

Meanwhile the King ordered his Ambassador at Madrid to beg his Majesty Philip III. to command her to leave

England, so Luisa wrote to the Duke de Lerma, entreating him to speak to the King in her behalf. But the English Ambassador had been beforehand with her, and succeeded in carrying his point, an article having been inserted in the recent treaty that in neither kingdom should there be any interference in matters of religion. Philip therefore desired Luisa to go to Flanders, where she would be joyfully received by his sister, the Infanta Isabel.

Luisa declared she would never leave England except by force, but Our Lord arranged the matter in His own way. Shortly after her release she became dangerously ill, and prepared fervently for death. The dying words of S. Teresa express what she must have felt: "O Lord, the hour is come at last that I have looked for through all these long, long years. Yes! it is time I should come to Thee. It is time, my Lord and my Love, that I should depart hence. The end of this weary exile is come at last, and my soul rejoices in Thee, whom it has desired so ardently and so long!"

Shortly before her death she had so violent a bleeding of the nose that it seemed as if she were losing all her blood. Fr. Michael Walpole, her confessor, asked her if she wished it had flowed thus on the scaffold. She answered, "Father, I long ago offered my life and my blood to God to deal with them in whatever way might be for His greater glory and most according to His Divine will. As it is His will that I should die thus, I no longer care that it should be otherwise. He has chosen what pleased Him best, and it matters not to me if the sacrifice is offered up in public or in private."

During the last hours of her life she frequently ejaculated with the most affectionate devotion, "Señor mio!" and "Señora mia!" as if Our Lord and our Lady were visibly present. Sometimes she said, "O, my Lord, what do I not owe You?" and "O, my Lady, how much indebted I am to you for your numberless benefits and favours! How can I ever be grateful enough for so many mercies?"

She had apparently lost consciousness, when a spasm of pain thrilled her, and she pressed her hands together.

Fr. Walpole asked if anything troubled her mind, and she said No, that her soul was quite peaceful. Then the Spanish writer says: "She quieted herself, and in perfect recollection, with a countenance unalterably serene, invoking Our Lord and our Lady, after a fervent act of love and thanksgiving, and of desire to see God, amid the tears and prayers of all present, that happy soul put off the pure clothing of her body, worn out with austerities, and sanctified by penance, and went to receive from her Lord the welcome promised to all who, passing through much tribulation, have washed their robes in the Blood of the Lamb."

Luisa died on January 2, 1614, her forty-sixth birthday. Numbers of Catholics came to pray beside her holy body, and many Protestants complained that the Archbishop had hastened her death, and said, "Would that he had never seen or heard of this lady! We might have had her for years living amongst us."

Her funeral was performed with as much state in the Embassy Chapel as if in Spain, and the coffin was laid in a recess near the altar until it could be removed there.

Our Lord granted to her to achieve in death a conversion for which she had long laboured. A Protestant carpenter named Richard Inglis was employed to make her coffin. He had listened gladly to her exhortations, and was well inclined to the Catholic religion, but his love for his wife and children kept him back. When, however, he looked upon her after death he exclaimed that he wished to live and die in the religion of the departed lady. Fr. Walpole reconciled him, and he afterwards went to Spain, where he practised his trade for many years.

About two months after his sister's death, Don Alonso de Carvajal fell ill, received the last Sacraments, and was supposed to be dead. The writer of Luisa's life says: "However, at three o'clock in the morning he recovered his senses, and his countenance gave the impression that he was looking at something with pleasure. Turning to the Rector of the English College, who was praying by his bedside, he said he wished to make a general confession.

When he had finished, he said to the Father who was addressing to him some pious exhortations, "Your Reverence need not take this trouble, for my sister is with me, helping and consoling me. She tells me not to be afraid, for she is watching over me." This accorded with what she had told Don Alonso's wife, "that though in life she was of no use to her brother, in death she would befriend him."

In 1615 by command of the King of Spain, Luisa's holy body was conveyed there, and the coffin was opened; though filled with sea-water, the body was in a perfect state of preservation. It was enshrined in the Chapel of the Augustinian Convent of the Incarnation at Madrid, among whose nuns were Isabel de la Cruz and Ines de la Assuncion, who for eight and thirteen years respectively had been Luisa's companions. The latter testified that she did not remember to have seen her companion commit the slightest venial sin, and throughout Spain the opinion of the holiest and most learned men was unanimous as to her sanctity. The Cardinal de Trejo summed up the evidence on the subject, expressing his own conviction that she had practised every virtue in a heroic degree, that her life deserved to be known and kept in remembrance, and her name inscribed amongst those of saints and martyrs. The English Catholics also greatly desired that she should be canonized, and for a time the cause of her beatification was actively pursued. We would gladly hope that it may be granted to the descendants of those whom she so devotedly served to revive the holy memory of Luisa de Carvajal, and to see her one day placed on the altars of the Church, in company with our martyrs, with whom she so ardently longed to suffer and to die.

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Feeding the Hungry.

A JUBILEE ALMS.

BEPPINA was Signora Valdini's only child. Signor Valdini, who was an artist, and not a particularly successful one, had died when Beppina was twenty-one, leaving her and her mother very poor.

Signora Valdini was delicate, nervous, and quite incapable of turning her hand to anything which could produce money, and at first it seemed extremely doubtful how she and Beppina were going to live. Her daughter's name, by the way, was Giuseppina, shortened, Italian fashion, into Beppina.

Beppina was a tall slight girl, with dark brown eyes, dark hair, and an olive complexion, speaking her own beautiful language with the real Roman accent of those who are natives of and who have been brought up in the Eternal City. Mother and daughter talked over things very seriously a year after Valdini's death. They had been out that afternoon—it was All Souls' Day—to take a wreath to his grave in the Campo Verano, and the Signora had wept steadily when she saw the very simple little cross on the grave, and thought how dearly she would have liked to have had a fine marble monument

placed over her husband, with an enlarged photograph painted very beautifully under a glass on it. But she was poor and could not afford it, and to her it seemed particularly hard, for her husband had been of a good old Roman family, though not actually noble, and her parents had been well-to-do Bolognese of an old stock. She had, however, come to Rome when so young that she had become a real Roman, seldom leaving the city excepting for a little villegiatura to Frascati or Albano in the summer.

Beppina and her mother went into the big grey church of San Lorenzo, which is close to the vast cemetery where so many of the Roman dead lie. The church is one of the patriarchal churches, and is numbered among the seven pilgrimage basilicas. Signora Valdini did not pay much attention to the church, its rare mosaics, grand pulpit and magnificent ionic columns, as her head was full of her own troubles; but Beppina, who loved all that was beautiful and took a keen interest in everything that belonged to Christian Rome, with its endless treasures and sacred associations, wandered away from her mother for a few minutes. The beautiful pavement is in tenth century *opus alexandrinum*, and the basilica is full of interest. Beppina stopped to examine the lovely *ambones* —the pulpits from which the gospel and epistle are sung at high mass—inlaid with serpentine and porphyry; then she went down into the old church and said some prayers at the tomb of Pius IX., whose simple marble sarcophagus is in such contrast to the wealth of richness and colour

of the chapel in which it is placed. Beppina inherited her father's artistic temperament, though none of his talent.

That day had been one of very mixed sensations. She had been thinking how much she wished she could do something for the poor, of whom she had been especially reminded, as many of the poorest people live between the San Lorenzo gate and the cemetery. She had always had a great love of the poor and a devotion to the corporal works of mercy, and those saints were dearest to her who had made it their chief duty to perform them. She knew, for she had been well taught, that the corporal works of mercy are binding on all—rich and poor alike—and that all can perform them in some way or other. She had realized, as many fail to do, that by those works done or undone shall we stand at the great day. She often thought of those words: "For I was hungry and you gave Me to eat . . . ." "As long as you did it not to one of these least, neither did you do it to Me." Ever since Beppina had learnt the meaning of those words she had taken them to heart very much, and in many little ways had practised self-denial so that she could help the poor and needy—"those excellent images of Christ."

There were always two big bags in the ante-room to the kitchen of their little flat; in one was put all the waste bits of paper and in the other all the old clothes, and these bags were emptied regularly by the Little Sisters for their poor, and by the Holy Family, another institution for relieving the poor; and there was a third bag for rags

That day Beppina had been reminded of one of her favourite saints, St. Frances of Rome, dear to all who love that holy city, by the church she was now visiting; she had been reading her life again for perhaps the twentieth time. She recalled to mind how St. Frances used to beg for her poor, and how on one occasion she had come out to San Lorenzo without-the-Walls on the day of the station, and then taken her place among the beggars who were assembled there. Frances stayed there the whole day from sunrise to sunset, one of the throng of cripples, and lame and blind and afflicted; she held out her hand, and received the alms given, taking them for her poor. Then she went into the ancient church, passing through the beautiful portico with its rich mosaic of the Lamb of God, its frescoes and its sarcophagi, and going before the Tabernacle she worshipped and adored Him who lies hidden under the sacramental veils. Then she walked back all the way to her home in the Trastevere, and found her Lord in His poor as really, though in a different manner, as she had done when she knelt before the golden doors which enshrine *il Santissimo*, as they call the Blessed Sacrament in Italy.

How lovely it would be, thought Beppina, if she could do much for the many poor of Rome! and yet with the desire came the comforting thought that even the smallest alms—a cup of cold water, a piece of bread—if done for our Lord, is accepted by Him who regards the intention more than the gift.

Beppina also remembered her father, and she had said

many prayers for him on this Day of the Dead. This did not prevent her taking in all the picturesqueness of the scene all the way nearly to the cemetery: the little booths where cakes, medals, songs, and images were sold; the brilliant heaps of oranges, the flowers and wreaths, and the moving flow of people—those who were in colours, bright or subdued, contrasting with the heavy black of those whose mourning was recent. Then there were chestnut sellers fanning the charcoal with turkey-feather fans; German women with their dresses looped up in a way only effectually and hideously done by those of that nationality; English, Americans—*forestieri*, in short, of all nations; beggars showing their wounds, the blind shaking their tins and demanding alms; dogs, carriages, and a few people on bicycles, all making up an effective scene under the turquoise sky and sunshine of the purest gold. The view from the steps in the Campo Verano also had delighted her, for it took in the spreading Campagna, bounded by the soft purple Alban hills with their deep shadows; and she took in all the beauty with a sense of delight and thankfulness. It seemed to soothe her spirit, which was somewhat troubled, for her mother's anxieties affected her also, and her heart that day was aching for her father, to whom she had been a dear companion and friend. They had been, as the Italians say, "simpatici" to each other, and she missed him daily more and more, for he was intellectually and in all ways superior to her mother. But it was a comfort to pray for him; and as she gazed at the expanse of the Campagna, the loveliness

of the mountains, the tranquil sky with its vastness of cloudless blue, and felt that Rome was spreading away from these heights, holding in her care the memorials of confessors and martyrs, she gained something of that spiritual strength which all who have lived in Rome will have experienced for themselves. And she felt she could leave her father's soul, her anxieties, her weak, nervous, selfish mother, to the care of Him who was her refuge and strength, as He had always been to all who trusted in Him.

They came home quite early in the afternoon, and their rooms struck cold and chilly; for there were no fires even in the coldest part of the winter—and it can be bitterly cold in Rome!—and on the stone floors there were only little islands of carpet here and there.

The rooms were of northern aspect and consequently cheap. The windows and doors shut badly, so plenty of air came in; but the outlook over Rome was lovely.

It had been a warm day, and Beppina had found a cotton blouse quite sufficiently warm. Evening set in suddenly, as it does in Italy, with but a few minutes' twilight; and she called the little maid to bring the lamp.

"I am sure I don't know what we are to do, or how we are going to live here," said the Signora, making a pretence of knitting, while Beppina sat close to the lamp and worked away at an old black skirt she was turning.

"I don't know, mamma," said Beppina. "At present I can see nothing for me to do. We may have to leave

our home, and go to some part of the town in Nuova Roma."

"I should hate that," said the Signora. "Just fifteen years ago last month we moved into this apartment because the landlord wanted our old apartment in the Gregoriana for himself. I did not like it at first, and said as much to your poor father."

That Beppina knew quite well, for the Signora never kept her woes to herself, and her husband had come in for a very large amount of grumbling. He had borne it as best he could, and found much comfort in his painting and in the society of his daughter. While he painted and smoked, Beppina often sat on a little stool near him doing a little fancy work and listening to his remarks on all kinds of subjects, thus unconsciously being educated in much that was of value.

Beppina was silent and went on sewing, her thoughts very busy, while her mother arranged on a plate some *fave da morto*—cakes shaped like beans—and *ossicine*—sweet cakes made in the shape of bones—which are eaten in Rome at the time of All Souls. The idea of the bones is not pretty, but the cakes are very good. The Signora's great friend, Signora Bruni, who was a Bolognese, had sent her a cake, generally eaten there at that time, which was covered with sugar and called *pane santo*; and these unaccustomed delicacies were to be for supper.

"I am sure I am not extravagant! I keep a sharp eye on Linda, and I take good care she does not cheat me. We could not live on less than we do, I am sure; never

a *dolce* from one festa to another, and butter only on Sundays. What a life, to be sure!" said the Signora, who, unlike most Italians, was fond of butter. "In your father's lifetime we had enough and to spare, and plenty of scraps to give the Little Sisters when they came for them; now we have to eat up every bit ourselves."

"We have enough to last yet a little while, mamma, have we not?" asked Beppina quietly.

"Oh yes, we can go on till the Befana—the Epiphany—and then, who knows?"

"We must pray hard—very hard," said Beppina. "I have been going to St. Antony every day, and to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour."

The Signora grunted. She was rather a good-looking woman, with grey eyes and brown hair turning grey, but her mouth had a peevish expression and her voice had usually a whine in it.

The days passed on; November was over and the Advent season had begun. One Sunday Beppina returned from hearing the sermon at the Gesù, a favourite church of hers, and as she mounted the stone stairs slowly her heart felt very sad indeed. Her mother grumbled more and more, and sent for the doctor, Signora Bruni's brother. This she could do without the fear of incurring expense, as he was an old friend and charged nothing for his visits.

Beppina had been going about in search of work, having decided that the only thing she was capable of doing was

to teach her own language. She had been to the principal libraries and to some shops where they were known, and promises of recommendation were made; but it was discouraging to learn how small the pay would be, and what a number of teachers there were in Rome, even better qualified than she was. All she aspired to be was a *parlatrice*; that is, a person who teaches chiefly by means of conversation. There was little or no chance yet of lessons, for the season was not begun and there were few strangers in Rome.

Beppina was tired. She usually came up in the lift, as their rooms were on the fifth floor, but it was out of order that week, and everyone in the big barrack of a house had to go up and down the stairs on foot.

Just as she came to the second floor she ran against a little girl who came hurriedly out of the door.

"Oh, dear—I'm sorry if I've pushed you, but do tell me, have you seen my little dog? I can't find him anywhere, and I am so afraid he has gone out all by himself without his muzzle, and he will be taken up and I may never see him again. He is such a dear little dog, all black excepting a white——"

"Yes, I saw a little dog outside just as I came in," said Beppina, answering in English—a language she knew fairly well, having learnt it at the Sisters in Via S. Sebastiano, where she had been to school.

In a moment the little girl had flown down the stairs after her dog, and an old lady came slowly forward

and smiled graciously at Beppina, who was waiting to see if the child recovered her pet.

In a moment she and Beppina entered into conversation. There was something in Mrs. Dover's face that won confidence, and Beppina gladly accepted her offer to come in and tell her a little about herself. The little girl, whose name was Rosa, came up triumphantly, followed by her dog, his tail very much between his legs and his whole person expressing the shame he felt.

Of course Beppina knew that the second floor had been taken that winter by rich English, but she was surprised at the luxury everywhere apparent when she came into the big drawing-room, as Mrs. Dover pushed open the door over which hung heavy brocaded curtains. It was so very different from the grandeur of Italian palaces furnished and decorated according to the ideas of the Italians. True, the painted ceiling was the same as ever, but there was electric light beaming softly with opal glasses over it, and a little shaded lamp of the same was on a writing-table. A large fire of English coal was burning in the big open grate, and instead of a bare marble or stone floor with scraps of rugs, every inch was carpeted, and thick coloured sheep-skin rugs were placed here and there, suggestive of warmth and comfort. There were some beautiful pictures, originals, and good copies of some that were old favourites of Beppina's, a statuette of the well-known gladiator, a model of the tomb of St. Cecilia, and, more than all, in a corner of the room, a beautiful picture of Our Lady of Perpetual Succour, before

which was burning a little red lamp. The tables about the room were prettily arranged, and in an instant Beppina saw that money had been spent lavishly to obtain the inlaid tables, intaglio cabinets, old brocades and tapestries, all of which abounded in that beautiful room.

For a moment or two Beppina's powers of observation seemed sharpened, and she noticed all I have described. She also saw a pale delicate lady lying on a sofa not far from the fire, her thin hands holding a book and the diamonds on her fingers sparkling like clustered stars. Then all seemed blurred—for the first time in her life Beppina had fainted. She had been walking all day, going from one place to another, and not using the trams or omnibuses, as that meant spending centesimi that they could ill afford. It was also a fast day, being one of the ember days, and though Beppina as a rule was able to observe the fasts fairly well, that day she was altogether overcome.

When she was restored Mrs. Dover got her story from her. She told it very simply and naturally, and her listeners were much interested. As she saw at once that they were Catholics, she told them how she had prayed to Our Lady of Perpetual Succour and to St. Antony often and often.

Mrs. Dover looked at her sister, Miss Errant, a lady some eighteen years her junior, who was on the sofa, and the latter smiled.

"Some would think it extraordinary that we should be-

come acquainted and that we may be able to help you," said Mrs. Dover, and Beppina lifted her pale face eagerly at the words of hope. "But we, who know as you do by experience the goodness of our Lady, and how wonderfully St. Antony obtains our desires for us, are not so much astonished. You see my sister and I love Rome very dearly. We have lived for some years at Albano, but we have for many reasons decided to come altogether to Rome, especially for the Anno Santo. We found Albano too far out, and then three years ago my widowed son-in-law married again and sent Rosa to us. So we took this apartment and settled ourselves in it. My sister is an invalid, as you see," continued Mrs. Dover, "and she would like to keep up her Italian by having some one to speak the language with her every day for an hour, and Rosa must take lessons. We were going to inquire about some one to-morrow," and Mrs. Dover smiled.

"Oh, Signora!" exclaimed Beppina, clasping her hands together, "should I be able to do it, do you think? You know I really cannot remember all the rules of grammar or give you good reasons why this or that should be said——"

"I do not want that," said Miss Errant from the sofa. "I have studied the grammar and know it I think by heart; I want practice in speaking."

"And Rosa learns the grammar with her master," said Mrs. Dover; "we want her to learn to chatter."

"I'd love it," said Rosa, who was sitting on the floor whispering confidences to Puck.

"Come to-morrow morning and we can arrange all about it," said Mrs. Dover.

When Beppina went up to the fifth floor a few minutes later. her heart beat high with excitement, and she flung her arms round her mother's neck and kissed her effusively.

The Signora was in an excellent humour, for her doctor had been to see her that afternoon and had prescribed a new medicine for her nerves.

"Oh, mamma, what do you think?" Beppina exclaimed. "I've had such an adventure!"

"What has happened? You have been away so long," said the Signora, laying down the prescription which she had been vainly trying to decipher. Then Beppina told her, and the Signora shed tears of joy.

"I think they will engage me, mamma. I am nearly sure they will, and I think they will pay me well."

"To be able to stay here—how glad I shall be! It is really so little that will enable me to stay in this apartment," said the Signora, looking round the ugly bare room with its hideous paper, skimpy muslin curtains, and the few tables on which were none of the books, paper, and implements for work which would be seen in a room owned by an Englishwoman. But it was home to the Signora, and she loved it well, in spite of windows that shut badly and let in the draught, and doors that were thin and ill-fitting. The lower part of the palace was very old and boasted of thick walls, heavy doors, and a wide marble staircase which

went up to the third floor; but above it all was modern, and the walls were thin and all the fittings of the room cheaply and inefficiently done. But though the Signora had not an artistic soul, she had a great love for the magnificent view which was spread before her eyes the moment she stepped out on the terrace. She could see the blue-grey dome of St. Peter's against the sky; the Castle of St. Angelo, with the bronze angel which shines like gold in the sunset, clearly defined against the sky; the nearer dome of San Carlo al Corso; to the right the green heights of the Monte Mario. There were many domes and campaniles and roofs in all directions, of every shape and size, picturesque in their utter absence of regularity, their unexpected corners and eaves, and the loggias and little roof gardens, gay with flowers and creepers in summer, mixed up with clothes, white and of many hues, all drying, attached to poles by bits of string, dogs and cats running about the small enclosures so high up, pigeons quite at home on terraces and house-tops, and everywhere bits of colour and lovely greys and browns, a few ugly tin chimneys, with tops like a Chinaman's hat, and roofs of lovely soft hues, all tangled together under the Italian sky.

The Signora was a good, stupid, shallow woman, with few brains and little interest in anything but her own small affairs and those of her neighbours; but her love for Rome amounted to a passion, and it made up to her for many things to live there.

Strange and wonderful it is that this city, holding in her heart rich treasures, the wealth of many centuries, can so

take hold of the human heart that young and old, rich and poor, clever and foolish, all alike join the great throng who ever pay her homage and have an affection for her which, to those who know it not, is absolutely incomprehensible, just as that love once experienced is quite indescribable and inconceivably potent.

Beppina did not sleep that night. Her thoughts were too busy, her heart too full. She hardly dared think that her hopes were likely to be realized, that work would actually be given her. But they were fulfilled, and beyond her expectations; she was engaged to talk to Rosa every other day when she took the child for a walk. This was to her a most charming task. Beppina knew and loved her Rome well enough to be aware how much there was still unexplored and still unseen, though she and her father had made many pilgrimages together to holy shrines and places associated with saintly lives and holy people. It was deeply interesting to them to study the old temples and places connected with pagan worship, and note the wonderful change involved by their use as Christian churches. Beppina particularly loved the "stations," and frequented them with her father when it was possible to do so, for like her he was fond of this essentially Roman devotion.

Rosa, who was only eleven, learnt from the simple-hearted, refined Italian girl, many more things than the art of speaking her language correctly; those walks in Rome, and the things she learnt in them, made an indelible impression on her mind and on her heart, which had been

given to God on the day of her first communion, just before making Beppina's acquaintance.

By next Christmas Beppina had enough work from her new friends and those to whom they recommended her, and the Signora's fears about having to leave her home were fully allayed.

The great ceremony of the opening of the Holy Door took place, and Beppina saw Mrs. Dover and her friend Mrs. Gray go off to witness it. Mrs. Dover had seen the Holy Father many times, but for Mrs. Gray it was the first time. She was full of excitement about it, and returned deeply impressed by the magnificent sight and by the wonderful personality of the Holy Father, whose presence evokes such intense feelings of loyalty and devotion in every adherent of that Faith of which he is the visible head.

Rosa, who had been unable to go, was pacified by the promise that if they could go to the midnight mass on Christmas Eve she should accompany them.

On the afternoon of Christmas Eve Miss Errant lay on her sofa, much exhausted by the effort she had made to get to mass and communion that morning, and Beppina when she entered feared she was asleep. It was not to be a regular lesson on a big fast day; but as Mrs. Dover and Mrs Gray were going to Santa Maria Maggiore for the procession of the Crib and to hear the lovely singing, Beppina had been engaged to stay with Miss Errant, with whom she was fast forming a very sweet friendship.

Rosa, who had suddenly developed a cold, was also kept at home.

Miss Errant was a recent convert, and found much interest in talking to Beppina about the faith embraced late in life, for which she had the most intense love. The great act of faith, taken after some years of doubt and misery, was bringing its reward; and Mrs. Dover, who had prayed for years for her conversion, was full of thankfulness for the answer she had almost despaired of ever receiving.

"I have been reading about the Jubilee, and how to gain the Jubilee indulgence," said Miss Errant, as Beppina took her chair at a very respectful distance from the fire; for like all Italians she had a great horror of hot rooms, and was accustomed to enduring the bitterest cold without any more artificial warmth than was afforded by a tiny *scaldino* (an earthen pot containing live charcoal). "I see," continued Miss Errant, "that almsgiving is enjoined," and she handed Beppina the little book on the Holy Year which contained the exhortations on the subject. It stated that it was necessary for gaining the Jubilee indulgence to give alms, and that they should be in proportion to the means of each one, and that their merit and efficiency depended more on the faith and charity that prompted the generosity than upon the amount given. Although, it said, those of small means were generally exempt from the law of almsgiving, still for the Jubilee even the poorest were bound to give of their little, and to have "at least" a magnanimous and generous heart towards the needy. "The kingdom of heaven," according to St. Augustine, "is worth

all that we have." Still more impressive and beautiful are the following words of St. Gregory Nazianzen: "Perhaps you will say, I am poor myself. I admit that, but give from that which you have. Our Lord requires nobody to give above his means. One may give some bread, another will give a drink of water, a third will give a piece for a garment. Thus by the generosity of many the misery of the poor will be alleviated. Dost thou not see how the mite of that widow had more value than all the gifts of the rich? The former gave all that she possessed; the latter, on the contrary, gave scarcely a trifle from their treasures." Beppina read to the end and then returned the book to Miss Errant.

"It must be nice to be rich," said she with an involuntary sigh, as she gave a glance at the surrounding luxury and thought how great a contrast her life was to that of the lady before her.

"What are you thinking about?" asked Miss Errant.

"I was wishing I could do more, or rather do a little," said Beppina. "One longs for money so much when one knows of all the poor that there are in the world, of the poor in Rome even; and I feel such a desire to be able to help them."

Miss Errant said nothing. She had by this time become sufficiently well acquainted with Beppina's history to know how much poverty they endured, and how all the girl's earnings went to keep the roof over her own and her mother's head.

Rosa, who had tired of looking over the many books

and presents she had received, had come near her aunt and Beppina and was now seated near the fire, her long fair hair falling over the keen, serious little face held between her hands.

"*I* should like to do things for the poor, too," said she, slowly. "Grandmamma doesn't like me to give to beggars, but I get her to let me do it just now and then. You see I know I can't give to them all: one would have to be ever so rich to do that; but when they are very old or very very poor, I can't help it."

"I am sure grandmamma allows you to do that, dear," said Miss Errant.

Beppina was silent for a moment, and then a faint colour came into her cheeks.

"I have not liked to ask you before," said she, hesitatingly, "because you have been so very very good to me and——"

"I don't think we have done much for you," said Miss Errant, "beyond recommending an excellent teacher to some of our friends, and sympathizing with you very sincerely."

"It is just that that has helped me so much. Well, Signorina, I have been thinking lately so much about the poor, and my cousin, who is a Sister of St. Vincent de Paul, tells me so much of the poverty. It was she who put it into my head, and it is so hard," and the flush on Beppina's face deepened.

"What is hard?"

"To beg for the poor. You cannot tell, Signorina, how

I should hate it. I am not like St. Frances, who used to beg and go about the streets of Rome, to the palaces of the great and even to the doors of the churches, to beg for money. I admire her greatly, but I have not the courage. I want to do it very much, and——"

"You thought you would begin with us," said Miss Errant, divining her thought. "Was that not so?"

"Yes, it was."

"Very well, we shall all think about it and give you something to take to the Little Sisters. And we shall give it with the greatest pleasure."

"Perhaps you would prefer to give it direct," said Beppina. "Oh, how kind you are!"

"No; you have had to do what you dislike, namely, the disagreeable task of asking, and you shall have the pleasure of giving it yourself."

"It will be indeed a joy, even to have that humble part of the work," said Beppina, her heart suddenly lightened. The idea of begging had only been recently thought of; it was born of her great desire to help the poor, for whom she had a very sincere love. It was particularly distasteful to her, as she was shy and would very much sooner have given the money herself, had she possessed it, than beg for it. But still, how was she to do it? She had so very little. Very often she walked instead of taking a tram or omnibus to help her on her way to the houses of her pupils, who in a few months had, through the recommendation of her new friends, numbered more than she had ever anticipated, and the money thus saved went into

a special box, where she was keeping her savings for the poor.

They talked on till the others returned from Santa Maria Maggiore, and Rosa was sent to bed early, so that her cold might get better before next Sunday, when her hopes of going to St. Peter's for the midnight mass might be realized.

Rosa was a thoughtful child, and that evening as she lay in bed, feeling very disinclined to sleep, she pondered over many things. She had never heard much about the poor or her duty to them, for her mother had been a nominal Catholic, ignorant of her religion and careless as to its practice, and had sent Rosa to a Protestant school. Thus the child, having had little or no instruction at home, grew up without learning much of the Faith. Since she had come to live with her grandmother and grand-aunt, it had, however, been different. They had taught her themselves, and sent her to make a retreat at a convent before her first communion; and they knew that in Beppina they had one who would guide the child well, and teach her very much that it was important she should know about the practices and devotions which abound in the Church, in which all tastes are suited.

Rosa had caught from her teacher a great love of the poor, and as she lay wakeful that night thinking over her Jubilee, which she had every intention of making as soon as her grandmother could take her, the thought of almsgiving came before her mind. She wanted to make a real offering for her Jubilee, and she did not know well how to do it.

She had been in the habit of writing out extracts in a big book she kept for the purpose. No one ever saw this book, or rather opened it, for it had a lock and key, and Rosa always kept the key on her watch chain. Lately she had been looking into a book which her aunt was reading on the Passion of our Lord, and though she had not read it through, she had lighted on a passage which had so pleased her that she had copied it out:—"Almsgiving out of our abundance are good, but they are only copper alms. Alms given out of money that is over, abundant, or quite superfluous, but still quite sufficient and more than sufficient for present maintenance, are silver alms. The alms given out of our want are golden alms. Hence, though it seems easier for the rich to give alms than the poor, yet the rich man has to go very far in almsgiving before he gets beyond his superfluities. Too often the rich are unwilling to give even of their abundance. We may apply to alms this sure rule, that the more self-sacrifice they entail, the more precious they are in God's sight. Hence, those who have no silver or gold but give their toil to the school-room or by the sickbed, and those who give their tears and fasting and earnest prayer for sinners, may be giving alms much more precious than gold, because they tax self more."

Rosa felt much puzzled as she thought it all over and these words recurred to her mind. There was an electric lamp on the little bracket close to her bed, and beside it was this book. She turned on the light, wrapped her

shawl over her, and after reading the passage once again returned to her pillow and went to sleep. It was very difficult for her to know how she should give any alms, either at the Jubilee or at any other time, which should involve real self-sacrifice.

However, we all know that where there is a will there is a way, and next day when out with Beppina, as they passed the beautiful church of S. Andrea delle Fratte, she said she should like to go in for a few minutes. Beppina knelt before the altar of the Blessed Sacrament, above which hangs a lovely Madonna, in commemoration of Our Lady's appearance at that chapel to the Jew Ratisbonne; and after a little visit there the child went and knelt before the figure of St. Antony. She would so like to give 'bread' to the poor, to feed the hungry, and our Lord in them; and she prayed that St. Antony would ask for her that she might find some way of performing that corporal work of mercy.

The week wore on, and Beppina was getting together a nice little sum for the poor, hoping to give it to the Sisters in a very short time.

Rosa, with all a child's impatience, was disappointed at not getting any answer to her prayers. True, she had put into St. Antony's box a couple of *lire*, but she always had so much pocket-money that she did not feel the loss, and her conscience suggested she might give Beppina another *lira* towards her fund. This she did; and the result was that she had no money for chocolate for two

days, which, to a child who numbers chocolates among the necessities of existence, means much.

New Year's Eve came, and Rosa was overjoyed at knowing that she could go with Beppina to the midnight mass at St. Peter's. Mrs. Dover did not care to leave Miss Errant, who was not so well as usual, and Beppina was quite able to take care of the child, as the fact that she had been for a year going about alone, and earning money, made her more independent than Italian girls at her age usually are. A carriage came to the door in good time, and the night was fine. They drove over the Ponte Sant' Angelo, down the Borgo Nuovo, and soon came in sight of St. Peter's. They went round to the side, and after a few minutes in a crowd, all pushing into the church, they found themselves within—the altar a blaze of candles, and a rapidly increasing throng, which, however, scarcely passed the *confessio*. The mass was sung by Cardinal Rampolla, and Beppina joined in the *Te Deum*, which she knew by heart. On all sides the magnificent words of that grand hymn of praise were taken up, and to hear it sung under the dome of the largest church in the world was a thing that Rosa, child as she was, felt she should never forget.

As the crowd dissolved to go out, they noted how the vast space of the nave lay in shadow, the only lights being a double line of tall torches, which enabled one to gauge the immense length in a way not possible when the church is seen under ordinary conditions. The

eye goes from point to point, ultimately reaching to the far end, and one feels all the impressiveness of the enormous size. They drove back under the stars, with the lights twinkling in all directions, and Beppina got a hug of thanks from her little pupil when she had seen her safely to her room.

The next morning Beppina dressed quickly, went to mass at the little church nearest her, and returned home to breakfast with a light and happy heart.

How much she had had to thank God for, as she joined in that great burst of praise the night before! During the past year mercies had indeed been vouchsafed very specially to her. She had had many spiritual blessings, of which only she herself was aware. She had found good work, and her mother was better. Strange, though she was better, that she saw the doctor so often, but still she was not the whining invalid of a year ago; and then there was another blessing still, but one which Beppina only thought of in fear and a hardly recognized hope. It was concerning the brother of one of her pupils, of whom she had seen a good deal, and been with during a great deal of sight-seeing. She knew quite well that Alban Lake liked her very much, and lately she had felt that the liking was deepening into love, which she reciprocated. With this dawning affection came the fear that she could never leave her mother; but this fear she hardly cared to think about, as it seemed like making too sure of the possible happiness; and Beppina was going that morning to the Prato, to take the sum of money

she had collected to the Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul and the Sisters of Nazareth, who work there amongst the poor. It was a very happy day for her, and she sang to herself as she dusted her room after breakfast, and decided that when she had finished her usual round of household duties she would go.

In the course of the morning she had done all she wanted, and as she changed her dress it occurred to her to get the money ready. For so long it had been saved up, and on the Saturday she had had the amount changed into notes for two hundred *lire*. These she had placed in a pocket-book and put in her pocket.

The remembrance came to her mind suddenly that she had forgotten to put the money away, and that she had left the pocket-book in her pocket. It was in the dress she had worn the evening before to go to St. Peter's; she hurried to the wardrobe between the windows and felt in the pocket—the pocket-book was gone!

It was a dreadful moment for poor Beppina, and she ransacked her brain to think if she could have placed the money anywhere else, but it was all in vain. She had left it there, and no doubt it had been taken from her pocket, the opening of which was at the back of her dress, in the great crowd, for thieves and pickpockets make their way to churches where there are crowds, on purpose there to have a better opportunity of stealing. She felt faint and sick at heart. That money gone, how could she ever repay it! Had it been only the money she had herself given, it would have been another matter, but that part was a very small portion

indeed,—quite too small, just a few *lire*. Some of the people who had given it to her had left. The others were in Rome, and how could she tell them of her carelessness about the money they had committed to her care for the poor and starving?

Of course Beppina could not hide the matter, and that morning she told Miss Errant. Both she and Rosa sympathized much with her, and were at a loss to suggest anything but that she should tell all those whom she could of what had occurred.

But the poor, the poor starving people who needed food, those who were hungry and had so little to eat! How strange it seemed that so good an action as the performance of a corporal work of mercy should be so frustrated, and that she whose heart was so full of the love of God and her neighbour should have been allowed to suffer in this way!

Rosa looked very grave over it all, and was evidently turning things over in her little mind.

Miss Errant was not very well that morning. She had been much excited listening to Beppina's sad tale, and had privately determined to consult with her sister on her return from church what they should do. Out of their abundance it would be easy to give Beppina the full sum back again, but this could not be decided on until she had seen her sister.

Rosa meanwhile went up to her little room, and instinctively took up the little book in which she had made so many extracts in her round childish hand. She turned

to those words and read them again:—"We may apply to alms this sure rule, that the more self-sacrifice they entail, the more precious they are in God's sight." For quite half an hour Rosa pondered over things, her brows knitted, and her whole face eloquent of a struggle going on within.

Then she got up, and locked the door. With a sob she knelt at her little altar, and bending her head on her hands she struggled before God. It was the prayer of a simple child, trying to offer God that which would involve denial. In the eyes of a grown-up person, perhaps, the sacrifice was not so great, but for Rosa to forego the longed-for watch was a very great deal.

The watch was to be hers on her birthday in March, and she had looked forward for a very long time to its possession. Her godmother, who was in Rome, was to give it to her, and it was to be a very beautiful one—so she had promised Rosa—made of blue enamel, with her initials in pearls upon it.

In her mother's lifetime Rosa had been indulged in all kinds of ways, and had found a difference when she came, three years ago, to stay with her great-aunt and grandmother, who entirely disapproved of overwhelming the child with more toys than she could possibly play with and of gratifying every wish the moment it was thought of. And though Rosa had taken the change very sweetly and not rebelled at all, still she had felt it, and learnt to appreciate her pleasures and presents far more than when they were made a matter of course. Consequently the

sacrifice that Rosa was trying to make meant a very great deal to her. As she knelt there before her crucifix, the light came to her, and she knew that it was in her power to offer a golden alms to God; so with a little sigh of natural grief at the loss of what she had so longed for, she went to a little writing-table and wrote to her godmother. Rosa had the right spirit of wishing not to boast of what she was doing, but still it had to be known how she got the money, which she told Beppina that very day that she could give her. She had asked her godmother to give her the money instead of the watch, and said she had rather not say why she wanted it; and her aunt had added a line to beg Lady Dering to grant the child's request.

To Beppina it seemed miraculous, and the next day she was able to take the money—more than she had lost, for Rosa insisted on giving her the whole amount received from Lady Dering.

"I think we were right to let dear little Rosa do it," said Miss Errant after the door closed, when Rosa had said good-night and had gone off to her bed happier than she had ever been in her life, though she knew that when her birthday came, there would be no watch and the longed-for treasure would not be hers. A child looks so little ahead, that it never occurred to her that in the course of time she might have another.

"It was very nice of the dear child," said Miss Errant.

"Yes, very," said Mrs. Dover slowly. "Of course one's own wish would have been to have given Beppina the

money straight away to replace that which she had lost. We could easily have done so."

"Yes," said Miss Errant. "But then Rosa would have lost this act of self-denial, and it will be a help to her all her life to have made it."

"Her example may help us—may help me too," said Mrs. Dover, looking seriously at her sister, who was very many years her junior. "We have been blessed with large means, and——"

"I do not think we spend more than is needed for living in the station of life in which God has placed us," said Miss Errant.

"Probably not," said Mrs. Dover, "but still, the child giving up what she cared for so greatly has touched me very much. I have been asking myself these few days if I in all my life have ever given an alms which has really cost me something."

Miss Errant was silent.

Both sisters thought over the matter in the silence of their hearts and face to face with God, who in His holy Word has laid such a stress upon almsgiving, and whose saints have ever been noted for obedience to these precepts.

"It is almost impossible," said a holy man, "for a man who gives alms to be lost." Those who are by circumstances prevented from actually visiting the sick, of ministering to the poor with their own hands, of performing any of the corporal works of mercy and of thus lessening the corporal miseries of the world, are by no

means exempt from their performance. These works of mercy are binding upon all, but each must find for himself the way in which they can be done. The greatest privilege is to do the works in person, and, as St. Vincent de Paul says — "It is a work most agreeable to our Saviour to visit the sick and infirm, and to comfort them, as He Himself recommends this kind of mercy. But to perform it with greater zeal and merit, you must see Jesus Christ in the person of the sick; for Jesus Christ says He will regard as done to Him what we do for the poor and infirm."

The result of thinking things over showed both ladies that they had left undone much that they might have done, and resolutions were registered in secret of which time would prove the reality.

The days passed on and Beppina received an offer of marriage from Alban Lake. She loved him as he loved her, and he was as sincere and earnest a Catholic as she was, but she doubted whether she could leave her mother. However, she asked for two days to think about it, and during that time her difficulty disappeared, for Signora Valdini told her that she was to marry the doctor at Easter.

Rosa went with her aunt to make her Jubilee visits to the magnificent basilicas which contain so many treasures of marbles and gold and valuable things, and the more precious relics of the Holy Manger wherein the Infant Jesus lay, the bodies of saints, martyrs and con-

fessors. And as she said her little prayers at the shrines, and knelt before the King of Glory, dwelling in His Tabernacle, among men for love of them, she felt a holy happiness that her Jubilee alms had cost her something and had been received by her Lord as given to Himself. St. Augustine says: "But sayest thou, 'Can I find Christ on earth? Where can I find Him that I may give to Him?' Give alms on earth and thou hast fed Christ in Heaven."

MOTHER THOURET

(1765–1825)

BY LADY HERBERT

Sancey, a small village in France, near Besançon, was the birthplace of Jane Antida Thouret, who was born on the 27th of November, 1765. Her parents were respectable working people of the agricultural class, and had seven children. Her mother was a woman of eminent piety, and brought up her little daughter in every Catholic virtue. The child was delicate, and met with one or two accidents as a baby, of which she ever after bore the marks; it seemed as if, from her birth, she were intended to bear the cross which our Lord had destined for her. She was only sixteen when her mother died, to whom she was devotedly attached. Her only comfort was in her prayers before the Tabernacle, and in imploring the Blessed Virgin to take her beloved mother's place. The whole comfort of her father, brothers and sisters, now rested upon Antida, and she devoted herself with all her energy to the care of the little household and of all domestic arrangements. Unfortunately her father had engaged a servant after her mother's death, who, though outwardly respectable and good, was, in reality, thoroughly dishonest and corrupt. She did her very best to injure the purity and innocence

of her young mistress, who, horrified at first at her words and insinuations, did not dare expose her iniquities to her father; but he, fortunately, discovered the woman's real character after a time and dismissed her instantly, for which his poor daughter thanked God with her whole heart. To testify her gratitude she made the generous resolution to consecrate herself to God by a vow of perpetual virginity, which united her even more closely to our Lord. She was very anxious that no home duty should be neglected on this account, and while working hard at all her domestic affairs, and often tending her father's sheep in the meadows, she was always bright and cheerful, and won every heart by her gentle and loving ways. Two of her brothers entered the army soon after, and Antida did her utmost, before their departure, to strengthen them in their faith, and reminding them of the Christian training they had received, to make them promise to carry out their mother's teaching in their daily lives. She was, in fact, the angel of the house, and her words did not fail to have their effect on the sons.

About this time the rector of the parish died, and his successor, a most earnest and zealous priest, soon found out what treasures of holiness and goodness were concealed in the soul of his young parishioner; and by his advice a number of children and young girls began to frequent Antida's house. Her influence over them was quite extraordinary, not only from her kindness and sympathy, but also from the few words of advice she gave them in various circumstances, and from the way she won their confidence and love. This good seed bore fruit, and very soon her name in Sancey became as a household word. She had always been devoted to

the poor, and deprived herself very often of necessary food and clothes to assist them ; and she inspired her young companions with the like feelings.

So things went on for two or three more years ; but then her ardent desire to give herself entirely to God in the religious state became too strong for her. She consulted her godmother, a very holy and charitable woman, whose name, "Antida," she bore, and she advised her to open her whole heart to the holy rector, who, though very sorry to lose the good services of his useful parishioner, did not hesitate to encourage her in her intention. But then an unexpected obstacle arose. Her father, though a good man, was most indignant at his favourite daughter's proposal, and without allowing her to state her reasons, gave her a harsh and positive denial. Not only his love for his child, but also the feeling that the whole comfort of his house depended upon her, made him strenuously determined to prevent her leaving him. Finding, however, that his opposition had had no effect in altering her views, he called her to him one day and told her that a very desirable marriage was proposed for her, and that the young man was not only in every way eligible, but that he was well to do, so that she would find herself in most comfortable circumstances. Antida, who had listened with silent respect to her father's first objections, now spoke firmly and openly, telling him that nothing would induce her to consent to such a proposal : that for no consideration on earth would she marry any man, even were he a king ; that she had elected Jesus Christ as her spouse, and that to Him alone would she consecrate her life and her strength. Her words were so determined that her father did not

dare contradict her, but he would not yet give in; and from that moment withdrew all kindness and affection from her, hoping that time and the advice of others might induce her to change her mind.

In this sad struggle the poor girl could only redouble her prayers and her confidence in God and plead still more for our Lady's intercession. By an unexpected meeting with a singularly holy and spiritual priest, Antida was confirmed in her pious determination, and the only question was which religious congregation she would prefer. Certain hospital and nursing Sisters were suggested to her; but the parish priest of Sancey told her that there was another community which he had known intimately for many years, and which in every way would correspond with her vocation, adding, "But their houses are far from here, and you would have to renounce your own country altogether." Antida replied, "I am ready to go to the uttermost ends of the earth!" In a few days he told her that the Sisters of Charity of St. Vincent of Paul at Paris was the community he had thought of for her, and that they would be delighted to receive her. Antida was rejoiced, and redoubled her prayers that her father's opposition might be removed. At last, moved by the earnest representations of the rector, the father yielded, and was ready to furnish her with the necessary means to enter the religious state.

Antida's joy and thankfulness may be imagined; a few days later, with her father's blessing, she left Sancey, and after a short rest at Langres arrived in Paris on the 1st of November. She was then twenty-two years of age, and was most kindly received by the Superiors. According to the Rule of

the Sisters of Charity, she was initiated into every kind of household work, and given special duties in the laundry. The old Sister in charge of that department was of a singularly hard and exacting nature, and Antida was several times asked by the Mistress of Novices if she had nothing to complain of? But she always replied that the Sister was only too good to her. In reality, however, the fumes of the charcoal seriously affected her head, and after a few months she was compelled to go into the infirmary. There a terror seized her lest her bad health might prevent her being accepted by the community, and she redoubled her prayers and implored the intercession of St. Vincent that she might not be forced to return to the world she so much disliked. Her prayers were heard; she soon recovered, and was able at the end of the year to receive the holy habit.

Antida was sent, almost directly after, to the Hospital of St. Reine, in Burgundy, where she joyfully undertook the care of the sick. But there again the cross followed her. She caught typhoid fever of a malignant kind from one of the patients and soon became dangerously ill. After a time she got a little better, but was so weak that it was thought better to move her to Langres, where the air was purer and more bracing. This plan succeeded, and she was appointed to the Hospital of St. Lorenzo, where she won the admiration of both the Sisters and the sick by her unwearied care and devotion. From thence she was sent after a time to Sceaux, where she found a still wider scope for her energies. But the Revolution had already begun in France, and a violent persecution against religion. The priests were exiled, and if any escaped from the fury of the revolutionists they were obliged to remain in hiding, and could no

longer say Mass, or in any way minister to their scattered flocks.

The Sisters were recalled to Paris, but there they only found matters in a still more alarming state. On the night of the 13th of July, 1789, the House of the Lazarist Fathers, on whom the Sisters of Charity depended, was broken into and entirely destroyed, with its valuable library, its relics of St. Vincent of Paul, and all the treasures of the church. The house of the Sisters of Charity was next invaded by the revolutionists, and, though their persons were respected, everything was seized. The Sisters then took refuge in the hospital for incurables, but even that was taken from them; and the chaplains, having refused to take the sacrilegious oath to the new Constitution, were exiled with the rest. The poor Sisters, finding themselves thus deprived of the Sacraments, used to meet in a little room to implore the mercy of God and protection from their adversaries. But one day, a body of revolutionists having discovered them in this retreat and bitterly reproved them, they were turned out of the hospital, and with such violence that Antida slipped on the staircase, and it was feared had broken her leg; but Providence had mercifully interposed, and she escaped in safety with the rest to the mother-house.

A month later Antida was sent to Bray-sur-Somme, where the community had a hospital, and hoped to be left to work there in peace. But her sufferings were not over. One day a band of armed men, full of fanatical rage, invaded the hospital and tried to force the Sisters to sign the constitutional oath. They all refused, Antida more energetically than the rest, upon which one of the malefactors dislocated her thigh with a violent blow from the

muzzle of his gun. Carried back to the mother-house in Paris, she lingered between life and death for some days. It was the Reign of Terror, and the Sisters' house was occupied by the military, so that no priest could come near them. But Providence watched over Antida, and one of the clergy, disguised as a soldier, eluded the vigilance of the guard and managed to approach her sick-bed and hear her confession.

The persecution increased, and finally the Sisters of Charity were turned out of Paris and forced to abandon all their works, the dissolution of all religious houses having been officially declared. It was in November, 1793, that this cruel edict was enforced, and the poor Sisters, dispersed and without any means of support, wandered alone outside the town in every direction. Antida resolved to try and reach Franche-Comté, and in her Sister's dress walked for eighty leagues, begging her food from door to door, and sleeping in any open shed she could find, or in the porch of some church. The people had been so excited against religion that she met with very little sympathy, and at last reached Besançon almost dead with want and fatigue. Here she was received by a Madame de Vannes, whom she had known before and who treated her with the most motherly care and tenderness.

When Antida had recovered a little, she pursued her way to Sancey, where her godmother was delighted at her arrival, and devoted herself to her in every way. But there a fresh sorrow came upon her; she found that one of her brothers had joined the revolutionary party and was committing every sort of iniquity against religion and morality. All her prayers and entreaties were of no

avail, so that she was compelled to give up the idea of living with him, and returned to her good godmother. Then it occurred to her that she might still do some good in her old home, and so opened a little school for children for two or three hours in the day, which was quickly filled. Then she went to visit the sick in the little town and in the neighbourhood, going early and late, in all weather, to tend them, not only physically but spiritually. She assisted many of the priests who were in hiding, and would take them by night to the sick-beds of her patients, so that they should have the consolation of the last Sacraments. On Sundays and feast-days she would invite the good Catholics to her room and read the service to them, and now and then would get a priest at night to say Mass for them and give them Holy Communion. This, however, was full of dangers, and very soon Antida was denounced for these illegal acts, and had to appear before the Revolutionary Tribunal. Accused of being the head of a secret society and of teaching the Gospel to children, she answered with the greatest boldness, and flatly refused to accept the new doctrines imposed by the Revolution.

Finding her position more and more difficult in Sancey, and longing for a return to conventual life, Antida accepted, temporarily, the offer of the Superior of a religious congregation at Fontenelles to join their community, which was about to take refuge at Friburg, in Switzerland. She was most warmly received ; but it was not God's will that she should remain there. The nuns were obliged to leave Switzerland and migrate to Germany. But even there persecution and distress of all kinds assailed them ; and Antida, who had not taken any vows in this new Order, decided to return to Switzerland, trusting solely in God's

guidance and protection. Dressed as a beggar and with no means whatever, she endured untold privations during this journey, but finally arrived at Einsiedeln, where she was kindly received and rested for three or four days. From thence she went to Lauderon, where a pious schoolmistress, hearing her story, begged her to remain with her and help her in her work.

Soon after, two noted ecclesiastics, who had also been exiled from France, arrived at Lauderon and made Antida's acquaintance; one was Monseigneur de Chaffoy, Vicar-General of Besançon, and the other the Abbé Bacoffe, who was rector of the parish of St. John the Baptist in the same city. They told her that they trusted that the Revolution in France was nearly at an end; that they hoped soon to return to their old diocese, and strongly urged her to do the same. "You will thus be able to resume your labours as a daughter of St. Vincent of Paul," exclaimed Mgr. de Chaffoy; "you will be assisted to open once more a school and to visit the sick and do great things for the glory of God." Antida replied that she was not fitted to undertake such a work alone, and that she only waited till she could rejoin her old community of Sisters of Charity in Paris. "They are not yet allowed to return," replied Monseigneur de Chaffoy. "In the meantime, come with us and help us to rekindle the love of God and of His Church in our poor abandoned diocese." Touched by the earnestness of his words, Antida consented, and left Lauderon on August 15, 1797, returning to Sancey for a couple of months; after which she accepted Mde. de Vannes' warm invitation to go to Besançon, where she opened a school for young girls as Mgr. de Chaffoy had wished, and resumed her work of visiting the sick.

But the Reign of Terror was not yet over. She was again summoned before the Tribunal, and was ordered to tender her oath to the Constitution. She asked "Why?" and was answered, "Because you teach." She flatly refused, saying, that as they paid nothing for her school, they could not exact any conditions of the sort. They answered: "But you have emigrated, and the military commission ought to shoot you. Take the oath; make this act of submission, and you will be spared." She answered: "I would sooner die than act thus against my conscience." "Then you choose to commit suicide?" "You may be the murderers of my body, if you will," she replied; "as for me, I will not risk my soul." The Tribunal murmured, but did not carry out their threats; but she was advised by a priest not to expose herself to fresh persecution, but to leave the place for a time. She obeyed, and tried to find a safer asylum, but it was very difficult. We will give her own account of her escape: "I hid myself first with a poor woman I used to go and see; but the next day the soldiers found me out, broke open the door and again threatened me with death. The poor woman was so dreadfully frightened that I felt I must leave her and seek another shelter. I started that night in bitter cold and deep snow, without knowing in the least where to go. But, commending myself to our Lord's care, I walked on for an hour till I came to a village, and knocked at the first door I arrived at. A poor widow woman lived there, to whom I told my story and implored her to take me in. She was very kind, and received me. I stayed with her a whole year, living as a prisoner in the greatest poverty, but full of hope for better days, and persevering in prayer. I never lost heart, nor regretted having returned to France."

Strangely enough, the same civil authorities who had threatened Antida with death a year before, repenting of their insane persecution, recalled her to Besançon. Warmly encouraged by Mgr. de Chaffoy, she reopened her free school in April, 1799, and the large numbers who attended it proved the necessity of the work, and encouraged several young ladies to offer their services to help Antida in her work. This was the beginning of that institution which has since borne such important fruit. With the help of four of these ladies, Antida not only kept up the schools, but also opened a little pharmacy for the sick and a soup kitchen for the poor. Although still believing that her work was only a temporary one, until the re-establishment of her own community, she determined to train the young ladies who had joined her in preparing the medicines, visiting the sick, binding up wounds, putting on blisters, and, in fact, imparting to them all the knowledge she had herself gained in the hospitals. This great and charitable work soon became widely known and attracted many others to follow in their steps. The number of workers rapidly increased, and Antida was soon able to open another school in a fresh quarter of the town, and to extend their work among the sick poor in all the parishes of Besançon. Finally, Mgr. de Chaffoy resolved to consecrate these voluntary Sisters of Charity in a more solemn manner, and on the 15th of October dedicated the dozen young ladies, at the foot of the altar, to the service of God and of His poor. It was true that they had, as yet, neither a religious dress nor a distinct Rule; and until peace was re-established in France, Antida Thouret still laboured on, with the ultimate intention of rejoining her own community.

But better times were at hand. The Concordat of

1801 was brought about by Cardinal Consalvi, Secretary of State to Pius VI., and was signed on the 16th of July by Napoleon, First Consul. An imperial decree dated the 8th of November, 1809, gave a legal existence to the Sisters of Charity, who were re-established in Paris, first in the Rue Vieux Colombier, and in 1813 in the Rue du Bac, the Mother-General being Sister Deleau. Antida heard of the restoration of her old community with intense joy, and at once prepared to rejoin them. But the Vicar-General, Monseigneur Chaffoy, and the Abbé Bacoffe were violently opposed to this idea. They represented to her that she had not had sufficient time to take her vows with the Sisters of Charity in Paris; that the Revolution had forced her away during all these years, and that she was bound not to give up the very important work she had begun in Besançon; that the ladies who had joined her depended entirely on her presence and direction; and that instead of returning to Paris, her duty was to draw up the Rules for their guidance, and found, as it were, a fresh institution in Besançon, with a religious dress as Sisters of Charity, but independent of the Paris house. Finally Mgr. Chaffoy insisted on her obedience, and Antida finally yielded, and retiring to Dôle, to a suppressed Convent of the Visitation, prepared, under divine guidance, the Rule of the new congregation; this she submitted to the episcopal authorities, and it was universally approved and accepted by the community. A large hospital was confided to their care by the Prefect of Besançon; and its improved condition fully justified the confidence placed in them by the civil authority.

But Antida Thouret was always destined to bear the cross; very soon a great storm arose over the administra-

tion of this very hospital, and a powerful enemy, jealous of her success and of the confidence reposed in her, did all in his power to destroy the new institution by various calumnies and ingenious misrepresentations. But her calmness and confidence in God overcame in the end all obstacles. Certain changes were made in the Rule, which was solemnly approved of by Monseigneur Lecox, Archbishop of Besançon, on September 20, 1807. During that year a decree of Napoleon's ordered a meeting of all the religious communities employed in teaching or in tending the sick, to be held in Paris under the presidency of Cardinal Fesch. Upwards of eighty Superiors attended, among whom was the Mother Thouret, who obtained that her institution should be legally acknowledged and approved by the authorities. Three years later she had the consolation of being able to multiply her foundations in France and also both in Savoy and Switzerland, as her community had increased to upwards of a hundred. She wrote several beautiful letters to her Sisters at that time, strongly exhorting them to obey not only the letter but the spirit of their Rule, which was in all ways that of St. Vincent de Paul.

But her work was to be still more widely extended. On May 28, 1810, Joachim Murat, to whom had been given by Napoleon the kingdom of Naples, was induced by Madame Letitia, the mother of the Emperor (better known as Madame Mère), to invite Mother Thouret to come to Naples and open a house there. He offered her a magnificent monastery called "Regina Cœli," which had formerly been occupied by the Lateran Sisters and adjoined a hospital of which she and her community would have the care. Nothing could be more kind than Madame Letitia's letters on the subject, or more

generous than the proposals. After earnest prayer and consultation with the archbishop, Mother Thouret accepted the charge, and started with eight Sisters in the autumn of 1810 on their distant journey. Everything had been most comfortably arranged for them, and on the 30th of October they arrived in Rome, where they were received with the utmost kindness and remained thirteen days. They reached Naples on the 18th of November, and were received by the bishop and clergy with every kind of honour and consideration. A few days later the King and Queen likewise paid them a visit, and expressed themselves entirely satisfied with the new foundation. Mother Thouret at once undertook the three main objects of their Order—the education of young girls ; the care of the hospital and of the sick poor in their own homes; and the sanctification of the Sisters in accordance with their Rule.

Her first experiment was to open a day school for poor children, which began by their hearing Holy Mass, and then, in addition to the lessons, she trained them specially in truthfulness and modesty. Once a week she took them to the rector of their respective parishes, that he might take account of their instruction in the catechism and finally prepare them for their First Communion. The care of the hospital devolved on the Sisters who were not occupied in the schools, and most consoling were the results. She added to this duty the visits to the sick and dying in their own homes ; every Saturday those who were in great poverty and distress came to the convent, their cases were inquired into, and relief given according to their needs. It is not surprising, therefore, that this new community soon won the admiration and respect of the whole town, and many were thus induced

to join them as co-operators in their works, even if not prepared to become religious themselves. After a time, Mother Thouret opened another school for the higher classes in Naples in the convent of the "Regina Cœli," in which attempt she marvellously succeeded and obtained from the Pope the flattering opinion that these Italian Sisters of Charity had a special vocation for education. In addition to these active charitable works, Mother Thouret never neglected the spiritual and temporal care of her community, setting an example herself of minute attention to the Rule and always sharing in the heaviest work. She took the greatest care of their health, and when she found that the very early rising was injurious to some of them, she altered the Rule by an hour, although she herself always adhered to the original time. The success of this institution has never fluctuated, and at this moment the "Regina Cœli" contains one hundred and thirty Sisters, from one hundred and ten to one hundred and twenty boarders, and upwards of four hundred extern pupils, while the care of the sick and the relief of the poor are carried on without interruption.

Anxious as Mother Thouret was to return to her works at Besançon, she felt she could not leave Italy without obtaining from the Holy See the formal approval of their Rule. For this purpose she returned to Rome, and remained there from October, 1818, to August, 1820. Finally she obtained the long-desired approbation; first in Letters Apostolic, and then by a solemn decree from the Pope, Pius VII., who only requested three small modifications in the Rule—first, that the Religious should consider their vows binding, not for one year only, but for as long as they remained in the

institution; secondly, that their vows should be taken not in presence of the Superior-General only, who was the Archbishop of Besançon, but in that of whatever diocesan bishop they might happen to be working under at the time; thirdly, that the Archbishop of Besançon should only receive their vows in his own diocese and with the same conditions as other bishops. This slight modification greatly displeased Monseigneur de Pressigny, who had become Archbishop of Besançon, and who, in consequence, insisted on a complete separation of the nuns under his jurisdiction from the rest; and even issued an order that if the Foundress, Mother Thouret, attempted to return to any of her houses in his diocese, she was not to be admitted or received.

We can easily imagine the distress of Mother Thouret at this announcement, and still more of her Sisters at Besançon, especially Elizabeth Bouvard and Barbara Gouthier, who had been her devoted children and declared they would live and die in absolute obedience to their holy Mother Foundress. From the hospital at Belleveaux Sister Maria Anna wrote to Mother Thouret: "My beloved Mother! At last our earnest desires are fulfilled, our Rule having been formally approved by the Holy Father. May God be for ever blessed! With this signal favour, I trust we shall soon have the happiness of embracing you once more. What joy for us all! If only we knew when that happy moment will arrive! To enjoy your presence the sooner, we hope to meet you at about twenty miles from here." The same feelings were expressed by the Sisters in Savoy, none of them having any idea of the decree of Mgr. de Pressigny. Before

deciding what step to take in this unexpected difficulty, Mother Thouret decided to return to Naples and organize the new upper-class school of which we have spoken. She also appointed a Superior to take her place when she should be absent from the "Regina Cœli" Convent, and chose Sister Boucon, a Religious of great virtue and ability. Mother Thouret left Naples in June, 1821, with the intention of going straight to Besançon. But during her journey the Sisters were obliged to tell her of Monseigneur de Pressigny's orders. The Superior at Belleveaux, who was devoted to her, appealed to Monseigneur de Chaffoy, who replied, lamenting the extraordinary prohibition, and advising the Sisters to invite the Mother to their house and not show her the decree or its full purport till she arrived. Upon which Sister Bouvard, the Superior, wrote as follows: "We entreat you, dearest Mother, indeed we conjure you to come to us. Whatever happens, we will receive you. We feel more strongly than ever that we are your children, *all* yours, in God. What has happened does not discourage us, and only makes us feel more confident that God loves and will protect you, although He has sent you so heavy a cross."

In the meantime, Mother Thouret continued her journey to Thonon, and arrived in that city on the 12th of September. There Sister Bouvard joined her, but could not persuade her to come to Besançon in the teeth of Mgr. Pressigny's orders, but went on to Paris. There she remained for a year and a half, hoping to bring about a reconciliation with that prelate; but in vain. Leaving Paris in January, 1823, she was advised to go to Besançon once more, but was refused admittance in the mother-house and had to lodge with a

Mlle. Ligier, a native of Sancey, who had an apartment in Besançon. The sorrow of her Sisters may be imagined, and the most touching letters were written to her by one after another; but it was not the will of God that she should remain there. Two new houses had been lately opened, one at Evian in Savoy, which afterwards became the noviciate of the province; and the other at Villecerf, not far from Paris, where the Sisters established a hospital and a pharmacy for the poor. With that consolation Mother Thouret left France for Italy, and her sorrow at what had occurred, together with her resignation, is best expressed in the following letter: "I have done my utmost to carry out the wishes of His Holiness the Pope, striving to put in practice in the different houses of my community the Rule and Constitutions approved of by him. But the obstacles in certain cases have been insuperable. I am entirely resigned to whatever God wishes as regards my institution. I trust it to the powerful protection of the Holy See, and quietly await whatever may be there ordained; so that, after all these struggles and difficulties, we may enjoy peace and tranquillity and contribute to the glory of God and to the edification of our neighbours. These are my strongest feelings on the subject."

And to a noted ecclesiastic she wrote: "With regard to the things in France, I leave all in the hands of Providence. We have carried out, in obedience to the Holy See, all the steps which were thought necessary for the union of our houses. Such a union, it appears cannot yet be brought about; I leave the whole affair, therefore, to the mercy of God, as I have ever abandoned everything into His hands. May all be done according to His holy will and all turn

to His glory! These are the only feelings which fill my heart."

The only thing which consoled Mother Thouret in her difficulties in France was the good news she received from Naples, and Divine Providence clearly pointed out to her that it was in Italy she was to fulfil her mission. She made up her mind, therefore, to return to her house of the "Regina Cœli," which was to be the new birth-place of the institution. All she had gone through in France had only endeared her Sisters still more to their devoted Mother, and she received the warmest possible welcome from them all. No sooner was she re-established in Naples than she threw herself more heartily than ever into every work that had been there begun, and especially into maintaining the self-sacrificing spirit of her community. About this time also she accepted two new foundations, one near Annecy, in Savoy, and the other at Vercelli, where the Sisters opened a hospital and a house of charity. The demand for fresh houses of her community continuing to increase throughout Piedmont, she established a Religious Province for Upper Italy, giving faculties to the Superior to accept novices and open fresh institutes; this resulted in a mother-house being opened in Rome on the 2nd of October, 1862. This house contains to-day between Sisters and novices, more than a hundred religious. Mother Thouret's activity and devotedness seemed only to increase with her years. She visited every house, looked carefully into every difficulty, and remedied every abuse. Writing to Elizabeth Bouvard, the Superior of Villecerf, on the 17th of January, 1825, after having strongly recommended to her purity of motive and intention in all her actions, she added: "May our Lord

be always with you. Think of me as of nobody, and place everything in the hands of God, so as to do His will." Again writing to the Superior of Thonon, she inculcates patience and gentleness in the direction of her Sister and in the discipline of the house. But she herself gave a daily example of perfection which all realized and endeavoured to imitate. To Sister Martha she wrote in the May of 1825: "It is in God alone that I place my trust. If Jesus deigns to be with me I have nothing to fear. He is our perfect model, and I must follow Him in suffering and humiliations, which is the only way to attain to the port of rest and safety. I am not only content, but joyous that His divine mercy has brought me to this state; for He has given me the better part, which never can be taken away from me, because there is nothing which can feed self-love, and no one will be jealous of me." In the last year or two of her life these feelings became still stronger. Writing again to Sister Martha she says: "You ask me for news of my health, dear Sister. I begin to feel the weight of my years, for on the 27th of November I shall be sixty. Not a day passes without some suffering; but I do not take any rest and work on continually, for few people believe in my age, as I have not many wrinkles on my face. The goodness of God wishes me to live a little longer. May His holy will be done in life and in death."

In 1826 Pope Leo XII. opened a Holy Year with the usual indulgences. Mother Thouret was more eager than any one to profit by them, as well as all those dependent upon her. She showed greater piety and recollection than ever, and made a confession of her whole life. On one of those days, when following a

procession with her Sisters and reciting the Litany with them, she was seized with a stroke of apoplexy. Having ascertained the nature of her illness, she at once felt that the end was not far off; in fact, she only lived two months longer. The greatest sorrow she had during that time was her frequent inability to receive Holy Communion. For a short time she rallied, and her Sisters were full of joy and thankfulness; but on the 18th of August she had a fresh stroke and was carried to her bed, from whence she was not again to rise. Unable to speak, her mind was perfectly clear, and to her confessor, the Abbé Galdieri, she was able to manifest by signs her calm of spirit and the Divine consolations of her soul. On the 24th greater prostration followed, and though unable to receive Holy Viaticum, Extreme Unction was administered. One of the Sisters, Vittoria Mantelli, who assisted her on her deathbed, thus describes her last moments: "Although unable to speak, I saw her lips moving visibly while her eyes were fixed on the crucifix; her last looks were turned on her Sisters, who were gathered weeping round her bed, and she looked at each of them with an expression of love and tenderness which we none of us can forget. She expired in perfect peace, as if merely closing her eyes in sleep, so that the moment of her decease was only seen by me, who was closest to her." Sister Melania, who was the sister of Vittoria, added: "It was at nine o'clock in the evening when a sudden light shone in her face, like the brilliant flash of a lamp, which struck across my eyes. I was the only one to see it, and with this distinct light the words fell upon my ears, 'She is dead.'"

Thus died, with the peace of the just, one who all her life bore the cross; and such as she was are those who

are called to do great works for the glory of God. They thus attain to the likeness of the Man-God, who only accomplished the redemption of man by His sacrifice on the cross. To Antida Thouret we may apply her own words: "Those who have suffered, after the example of Jesus Crucified, will be recognized by Him as His faithful disciples, and He will say to them: 'Come, ye blessed of my Father, and possess the throne prepared for you. With Me you have suffered, and with Me you will be regenerated.'"

The body of Mother Thouret, having been exposed for two days in the Church of "Regina Cœli," where it was visited by hundreds of people of every class, was buried in the Chapel of the Immaculate Conception on the Gospel side, under the pavement. Canonically examined on the 20th of March, 1895, she rests to-day in the same spot. During that year the cause for her beatification was introduced, and it is hoped that the day will come which will see her honoured on our altars and exposed to the public veneration of her children and the faithful.

The works founded by Mother Thouret in a few years took deep root in Italy, Savoy, and Switzerland. In spite of the conduct of the Archbishop of Besançon, and the separation in some of the French houses of the original Sisters in consequence of the Papal modifications of the Rule which we have described, the number of houses of the Order at this moment equals that of some of the oldest congregations. The census of the communities subject to the Mother-General in Rome, who resides in the Bocca della Veritá, is as follows: 432 houses in Italy; 93 in Savoy and France; 9 in Switzerland; and 12 in the islands of Malta and Gozo. In April, 1899,

the institution kept the centenary anniversary of the foundation of the Order by Mother Thouret. In Naples measures have already been taken to inquire into the sanctity and miracles of the foundress, and the Congregation of Rites is seriously considering the question of bringing forward the cause of the beatification of this great servant of God. Under such favourable auspices the opening of the second centenary of the institution has begun. May it be fruitful in its labours for God and His poor, and call down the divine blessings which we earnestly invoke, while we offer up our praise and thanksgiving for the success which has already attended the work!

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